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EVE'S WEEKLY

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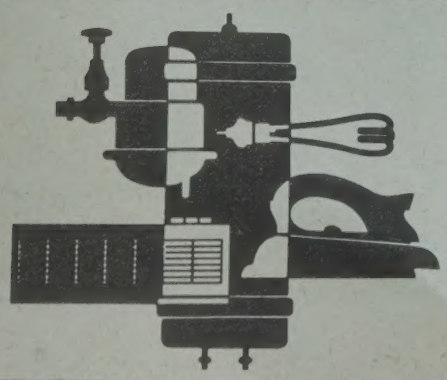

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STUDIO
TAIYEB BADSHAH

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER
B. K. SANIL

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CORRESPONDENTS

PUSHPA HANS
1-13, Lajpat Nagar 3, New Delhi-24.

TAPATI MOOKERJI
235/2, Acharya Jagadish Bose Rd., Calcutta-20.

S. J. KURUVILLA
163, Purasawalkam High Road, Madras-10.

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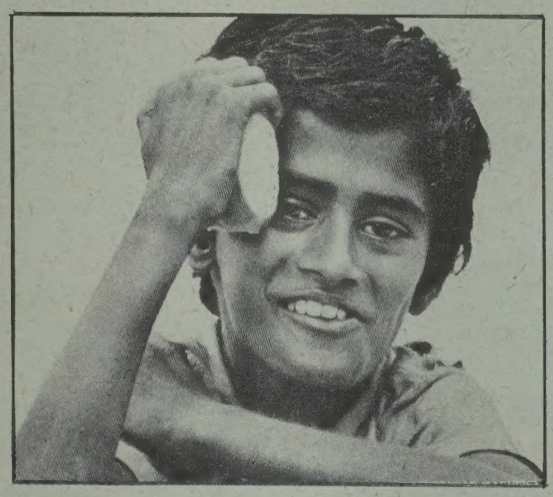
THIS WEEK

WOMEN AND SELF-RELIANCE

Income-generating programmes for women, especially those at subsistence level, seek primarily to provide additional income, which, it is assumed, would naturally encourage growth of self-reliance and leadership. Experience, however, indicates otherwise.
Page 11.



CHILDREN OF THE STREETS

By dropping coins into the outstretched hands of little children, we appease our conscience and also contribute towards keeping them on the streets. But then, what is the solution? Whose responsibility is it to help these children towards a better life?
Page 20.

BEDROOM BEDLAM

Insomnia is caused by many different factors. Among those least considered by doctors is the snoring spouse. But anybody who has tried to sleep to the cacophony of snores knows the seriousness of the problem !
Page 17.

THE OBSTACLE RACE

Familial opposition is the first stumbling block on the road to a sports career for a girl. If she manages to overcome that, she has the pleasure of going on to do battle with sports authorities and the press.
Page 34.

ALSO

A Touch of Class: Sparkle up your home — **Page 15** Exercise to Music: It's a less painful way — **Page 19** Artist of the Month: Ravi Kaur — **Page 41** Woman in Focus: Rajeshwari Padmanabhan — **Page 45** Film Interview: Rameshwari — **Page 51.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7**, Readers' Voice/**9**, Comics/**25**, Short Story/**26**, Fashion/**32**, Cookery/**36**, Answers to Quiz 10/**45**, Heart to Heart/**47**, Passing Through/**47**, Young Viewpoint/**49**, Beauty Bulletin/**53**, People Known & Unknown/**55**, In My Own Write/**57**, Frankly Speaking/**59**, Quiz 11/**59**, People & Events/**60**, Horoscope/**62**.

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YOUR PAGE

Do you have something to say?
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1st PRIZE

SIMILAR TRANSACTIONS

We have recently decided to sell our flat as we want to move closer to town. The various brokers have been informed about our decision. Every few days, somebody lands up without prior warning to inspect the flat. Today, a woman walked in with her husband, and openly made grimaces and passed caustic remarks because there was a leakage in our bathroom. I was so furious, I wanted to shout: "Get out! If you don't want the flat, it's perfectly all right with us." You see, to me, the flat is not a house but a home.

Suddenly, a thought struck me. Isn't this exactly like an arranged marriage taking place? First, you nurture and educate your daughter. Then when you decide to marry her off, strangers (brought by the middle-man) drop in suddenly to see what she looks like without make-up. And yes, I have often witnessed such 'inspections', where I have heard loud whispers from the groom's party, like "Don't you think she's too short for our Appu?" or "I think our Seshan is two shades fairer than her."

God, if I can get so upset over the remarks passed about my flat, how do young educated women (and their equally educated parents) put up with such humiliation time and again? One broker just came back and told me that the party is 'willing to negotiate". Isn't this also what happens to an Indian girl? If a man finally condescends to marry her, the "negotiations" must then begin to see at what price she can be acceptably sold off!

LAKSHMI NARAYAN,
Bombay

A telling analogy. One thing you can be sure of, though. Once the "negotiations" are settled, the price is set and the take-over effected, they will never pour kerosene on this acquired possession and burn it up!

2nd PRIZE

INDIAN AND IDEAL

Whenever a comparison crops up between the people and the cultures of the East and the West — and particularly of Indian women with the Western woman — our people immediately start ranting about the virtues of the 'ideal' womanhood in India, which they claim to be the best in the world. The virtues on which this claim is based are submissiveness, forbearance, loving nature, etc. while the Western woman is visualised as an irresponsible vamp flitting from one male to the other.

This makes me wonder: are Indian women really the embodiment of goodness and nobility, as we boast? Merely a servile attitude towards the menfolk does not make a woman 'ideal' unless she exhibits the same magnanimity of heart and sweetness of disposition to others as well, especially to the dependent members of the family and society.

If our Indian women are ideal, why do we hear about so many mothers-in-law burning their daughters-in-law to death? Or step-mothers ill-treating their step-children? Again, there are many women in our society who are unkind to other women who are the victims of misfortunes like widowhood, divorce or rape. The woman of the West, on the other hand, is more aware of the problems facing womanhood; she thinks of other women not as individuals, but as members of her own sex and identifies with their problems. The feminist movement thus started in the West, while our women got their legal rights as a result of the efforts of Western women and some enlightened Indian men, without moving a finger themselves.

It is high time our people gave a thought to this and revised their ideas about what constitutes ideal womanhood.

DR. USHA V. PADIYAR,
Baroda.

We do agree that the Western woman began the movement that has focused world attention on the status of women and, yes, the Indian woman has certainly benefited thereby. But surely even in the western world there are domineering mothers-in-law, evil step-mothers and wives who shun various "husband-less" women?

3rd PRIZE

THE RIGHT AND THE WRONG

A few day ago, we had gone to visit family friends who have a small son of five. His mother, who knew he would not study while we were around, asked him "if he had any homework to do and, if so, he must finish it first. When the child replied in the negative, his mother said that she hoped he was not telling lies and he said no, he was not. On hearing this, my brother remarked, "Why, in the first place, do you teach him what a lie is. If you don't tell him what it is, he will not know."

I realised how true this was. As soon as children are old enough to understand, we try and make them do the correct thing and by differentiating between right and wrong, we give children a choice. As soon as the child starts going to school, he is taught: telling lies is wrong, stealing is a crime, etc. Do you not think that if we stop telling children that this is wrong and that is wrong, we may, in some small way, be able to influence them to do the correct thing to a greater degree? If there are no two ways, they will naturally adopt the only path open to them. Of course, when they get older, they will learn about right and wrong and be able to distinguish between the two.

RENU KHANNA, Delhi.

Right? No, wrong. You cannot leave, until too late, the all-round education of a child. And such an education would demand that a child be able to distinguish right from wrong as, also, the implications of each. You cannot ram virtue down a child's throat nor can you gouge out any evil that may have slipped in — but you can guide and convince and exhort so that the lesson is indelibly impressed.

THE CHOICE IS YOURS

All of us have read — and it is an accepted fact — that smoking is injurious to health; yet many refuse to give up. Also, nowadays we find the number of women smokers increasing and one wonders what is the reason? In schools and colleges boys get into this habit even before they have learnt to earn their living. This is what a few of my colleagues had to say:

One claimed that smoking is a 'manly habit' and if you don't smoke, others do not accept you as a 'man' and this makes them feel inferior as also the "odd one out" and yet another said that although there is no pleasure in smoking, it sort of 'produces a vacuum'.

Surely, there are better ways of proving oneself to be a man?

And women smokers, it appears, feel "liberated" Any comments, please?

I. FERNANDES, Bombay.

Smoking is bad for the health — period Different people smoke for different reasons — and not necessarily the right ones. And we don't really think women feel "liberated" with cigarettes. They probably smoke now because for years and years they've been told it's okay for the men to smoke, but not okay for the women. Anyway, it's bad for the men, and bad for the women. The choice, as the slogan would have it, is theirs. . .

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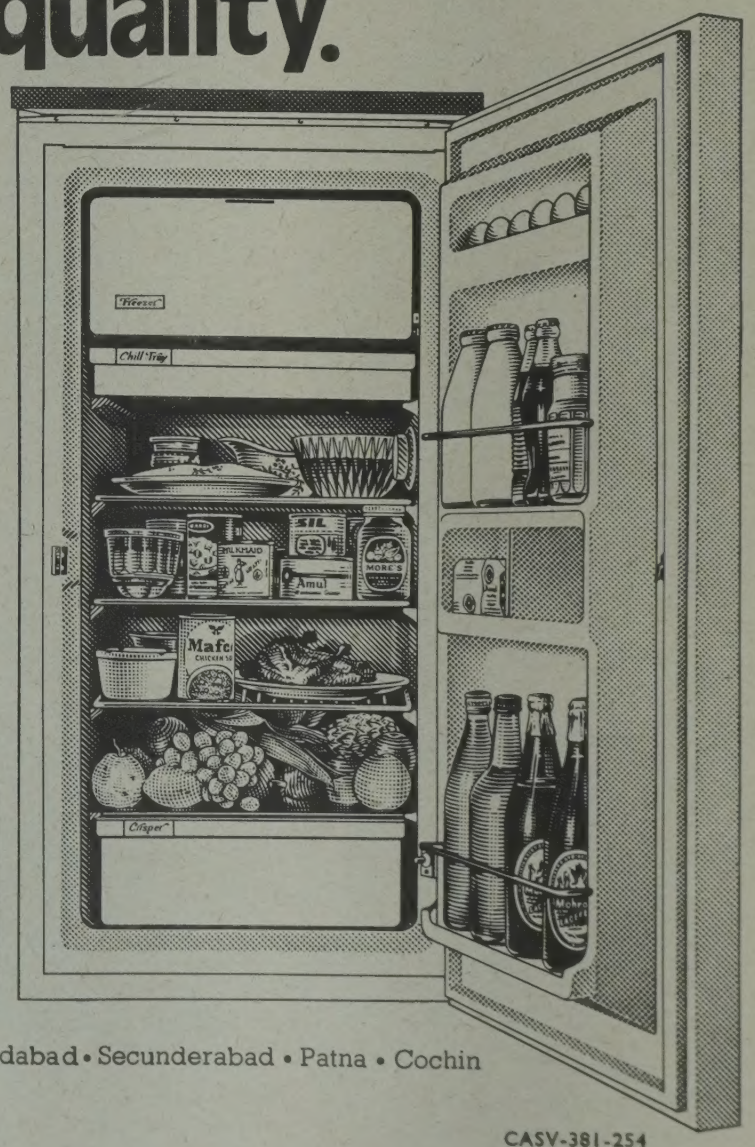

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READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

THE BENEFITS OF NEEM

We have just read the article, 'Of Tooth Decay And Bad Breath' by Krishna Basrur (Feb. 2), and found a remark by Dr. Dinesh Daftary, a practising dental surgeon of the TIFR, about the efficacy of the many "natural" ingredients of toothpastes, such as Clove Oil, Neem, Fennel etc. which are advertised today. We also note that Dr. Daftary is not aware of the efficacy of any of these ingredients in arresting tooth decay because he is not aware of any studies which were carried out to determine these. In this connection, we would refer to the survey conducted by the Consumer Council of India in 1976 and our research on Neem. As Dr. Daftary's remark is likely to harm the sale of our Neem toothpaste, we would request you to please publicize the Consumer Council report in the earliest available issue of your weekly.

R. SINHA, The Calcutta Chemical Co. Ltd., Calcutta.

SNAPSHOT VS. PHOTOGRAPH

I have been an amateur photographer from my college days, but never succeeded in winning a prize in any competition. This, in spite of the fact that I take good, sharp photos every time. Now, after reading the first few instalments of your series on Creative Photography, I am beginning to understand what makes a photograph. Thanks for explaining this aesthetic angle to someone who has been taking snapshots, but with no real personal satisfaction.

RITA PATIL, Bombay.

A GLIMMER OF HOPE

With reference to your supplement on rape, Karnataka's Inspector General of Police has recently issued a circular to all the police units stating that women should be questioned at their homes with the aid of women police officers and not be brought to police stations.

The circular also states that unit officers should ensure that the subordinate police officers scrupulously follow these instructions and see to it that the women who are arrested or taken for interrogation are not subjected to any "indignity or misbehaviour". He has also warned that any such act will be viewed seriously and dealt with accordingly.

The IGP has also advised the police to avoid the arrest of women involved in criminal cases at night and that women should not be kept in police stations as far as possible. If at all their arrest is so necessary, they should be detained in a female lock-up under the guard of a woman constable.

Karnataka's IGP deserves all praise for his timely action, particularly when there have been innumerable reports of misbehaviour by police officials and ill-treatment of women who are arrested throughout the country.

MANJULA RANGANATH, Bangalore.

RAPIST DOCTORS

Your articles on rape (March 8) have prompted me to say a few things. When the very people we turn to for protection and remedy stoop to a filthy act like rape, one doesn't merely lose faith in mankind. One despairs. Now we find that it's not just the police and armed personnel committing these crimes, but doctors too. Recently, local newspapers here reported the case of two doctors raping their patients. Convicted rapists should not just be served with jail terms. Under the Islamic law of justice, a person who commits a theft has his hands cut off. Only such drastic principles of justice can drive fear into the minds of criminals, not legal consequences.

MALINI MAHABALAM, Nagpur.

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF MAY 3

THOSE WERE THE DAYS!

Well-known personalities remember their childhood days.

THE SECOND INCOME

Two bread-winners are better than one, conclude most of the couples interviewed for this feature on the pleasures of an additional family income.

A HOUSEWIFE'S DIARY

The musings of a "has-been" (her words) on her life and pre-occupations.

ELECTRICAL HEADACHES

A look at the electrical appliances available in the market and a guide to buying them. A Consumer Awareness feature.

ALSO

* **The Summer of '80 — Fashion ideas from La Paris!**
* **Focus on the Tandoor — The next time you want tandoori chicken, make it at home!**

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DO INCOME-GENERATING PROGRAMMES FOR WOMEN ALSO ENCOURAGE GROWTH OF SELF-RELIANCE AND LEADERSHIP? EXPERIENCE SHOWS THAT SUCH QUALITIES NEED TO BE CONSCIOUSLY DEVELOPED

THE CULTIVATION OF SELF-RELIANCE

Selena Costa-Pinto

The Report of the Committee on the Status of Women in India had some hard things to say about women's progress in India. The Committee stated that while there had been commendable advance in women's development during the Freedom Movement starting with 1919 and after, a good bit of it has been dissipated during the 30 and more years since Independence. There has actually been a regression and a devaluation of women's status. Both governmental as well as non-governmental agencies had assumed that women were disadvantaged by their lack of education, existing discriminatory laws and traditional social attitudes towards them. It was against this background that all women's development programmes came to be planned as welfare programmes. But most of them did not carry the message of autonomy or self-reliance.

No doubt in the existing socio-economic environment the most critical need of women is additional income, which income generating programmes for women at subsistence level seek to provide. Most women at this level are either the sole breadwinners or vital financial supports of families struggling to subsist.

From the organisers' point of view such income generating programmes also encourage growth of self-reliance and leadership. Yet experience shows that such qualities need to be consciously developed, as they are far from a natural outcome of economic strength. Often the effect is just the opposite, the woman's status remaining unchanged with her workload heavily increased and her earning capacity emerging as only another attribute. For success in the dual objectives of economic benefit and self-reliance the basic principles and practices of effective business management in such aspects as production, finance and marketing must be followed. The issues related to each of these aspects are many.

Many programmes unwittingly plan their production according to the preference, ability and convenience of the organisers, which are often far removed from those of the workers. One organiser, for example, started a garment making project in a poor and isloated village in Chattisgarh district, M.P., and found that the tribal workers did not have even a basic idea of sewing, which happened to be her area of expertise. Much time was therefore devoted to activities other than production, like training and practice.

Finance is another important aspect of income generating programmes. Organisers find that finance is easily available from donor agencies and nationalised banks either as grants or as soft loans. In fact, in many cases it is only this easily available money which resucitates the programmes from time to time and keeps them going. But the use of these financial sources calls for a certain educational and social background which is beyond these illiterate women workers. They can never hope therefore to become self-reliant leaders and manage their programmes.

The most problematic aspect of income generat-

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ing activity is marketing. These programmes have almost no market intelligence. This means that their production is not dictated by future trends but rather by current demand, which is often where the competition is most keen. The organisers of such projects are therefore up against the powerful and complex forces of the market. But finding the personnel who can combine business skills with social concern is far from easy, even when the salaries are attractive.

Many programmes produce traditional crafts because they find that the workers are familiar with the production, and finance is readily available. But the pressures of marketing are enormous. Such products are usually labour intensive and of good quality. In order to be fair to the workers, therefore, the organisers must price them high. (Note, however, that highly-priced traditional crafts even in Government outlets do not necessarily mean the craftsman is well-paid. It could mean instead a longer line of middlemen.)

Most women at subsistence level, particularly landless labourers and slum-dwellers, are homemakers as well as economic assets to their families. When they go out to earn, their children and homes are often untended. Commuting is also expensive. The result is that either the women are forced out of vital employment or they end up paying a high price in social terms for an income whose real value might turn out to be only marginal.

An increasing number of organisers are finding solutions to these issues. Many organisers are now focussing on identifying their target group. They are also studying their daily and seasonal work patterns and their mental and manual capabilities and discovering the skills which they already possess. Some are traditional, like weaving and doll-making. Others are occupational, like masala grinding. In such cases production becomes highly practical because capital investment is comparatively low and worker management becomes more realistic.

Some projects which are large enough have begun to operate without the support of the regular banking system. A well-known example is the Self Employed Women's Association (SEWA) of Ahmedabad. SEWA has its own bank. Its Board of Directors is elected from among its 10,600 members who are vegetable vendors, handcart pullers, junksmiths and so on. It provides loans and safe custody of cash. It performs various kinds of service for its members, like paying utility bills and doing wholesale purchasing. Where necessary, this bank also acts as "middleman", preparing and scrutinising loan applications to nationalised banks and managing the loan repayments.

The well-known Naika workshop in Mehrauli village near New Delhi started as an effort to revive traditional theatre crafts and encourage craftsmen. Today, its highly successful products include puppets, murals, mobiles, lampshades, wall-hangings and garments, and its activities range from puppet shows to interior decoration for five star hotels.

Many organisers of income generating activity are thinking in terms of taking the work to the women's doorstep, as it were. One organiser, for example, has rented a workroom in the same slum where her workers live. Now she is the only one in the programme who must do the cross-town commuting between home and work.

Many are forming co-operatives because co-operatives lend the strength of numbers to understand and handle the forces and complexities of the market-place. They also provide the opportunities for economic, social and individual growth among its members and the community. Organisers find that once the women become accustomed to working and deciding together to satisfy their immediate economic needs they become more receptive to further aspects of social development like health care, nutrition and literacy, for which the women themselves may come to realise the need. In Lucknow, U.P., for example, the organisers of an adult education programme started an income generating tailoring project in response to the expressed need of the women. Soon the women themselves stated their eagerness to study beyond their initial six-month literacy course.

Whatever the approach to income generating programmes, the ultimate objective should be the fostering of self-reliance, or else the women workers will end up becoming "sweated labour". Initially the organisers might have to play a more prominent and active role in guiding the cooperative and developing the women, continuously evaluating and reflecting on their work. Later, they may choose to become "animators" and remain apart from the cooperative. Or they may prefer to become employees of the women with a stake in the programme's success at generating economic benefit, self-reliance and leadership.

(This article is based on the book "Towards Self-Reliance: Income Generation for Women" edited by Jessie Tellis-Nayak and Selena Costa-Pinto and published by Sat Prachar Press, Indore, M.P., 452 001. Price: Rs. 12.)

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A TOUCH OF CLASS

Jyotsana Kapoor

Making chandeliers at home is an unusual hobby. But for young and enterprising Neera Chandiram of Delhi what started as a hobby has now become a very paying business. "A few years back I saw a beautiful chandelier. in a shop. It was expensive and beyond my means. So I decided to try making one at home. I went all over the city and picked up cut-glass pieces in various shapes and sizes. I asked the shopkeepers in the wholesale market to show me how the pieces are joined together. It took me quite some time and a lot of running around to make my first chandelier. But when it was ready, it was greatly admired by everyone and I realised that it had not cost me even one quarter of the price demanded by the shopkeeper. I started making chandeliers at home for friends. After some time I realised that it was a good business and started selling them," said Neera.

Neera has recently opened a showroom in South Delhi where she sells a large variety of lamps and chandeliers. Each piece is made by her. She matches and mixes various pieces of cut-glass or prisms and joins them with a fuse wire to make lovely and original designs. She also mixes the cut-glass pieces with marble, wood, glass or oxidised metal to make table lamps. She buys most of the raw material from Ferozabad in U.P., which is famous for its glass work. To make coloured chandeliers, Neera used to put the glass lamps coated with enamel in a furnace to get the proper colour, but now they are available in different shades in the market. It was a difficult process which often burnt her fingers.

Neera also makes use of the famous French art "decoupage" to make lovely table lamps, liquor cabinets in Japanese designs, head-boards for beds, sideboards, furniture, ash-trays and various decorative pieces. This art which is not very popular in Europe anymore is now popular in America. "It was on my trip to the U.S.A. a few years back that I picked up a book on this art," said Neera.

"Since I have always been interested in painting as a hobby, I enjoy using this art to create beautiful things. Decoupage can be used on all flat surfaces. Take any picture you like and fix it with glue on a flat surface which has been given a coating of enamel. Then give it a sheen with eight to ten coats of varnish. Each piece is completed in about 15 days. My lamps and liquor cabinets are very popular. Each cabinet is made of about eight flat pieces of teak wood. A Japanese picture is stuck on every piece and then each piece is processed. One coat of varnish has to dry before another is applied. Each colour in the paper painting becomes brighter with varnish till the whole painting really shines," she says.

Mother of a small child, Neera enjoys her work immensely as she can work at home. She doesn't have to leave her son with a servant. "Moreover, the work is very creative and gives me an artistic outlet. It is paying too and does not require much investment," she added.

An attractive liquor cabinet in Japanese design.

Photographs : Baldev

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BEDROOM BEDLAM, OR, SNORES GALORE!

G. V. Joshi

The Nobel prize for medicine is awarded for sophisticated research every year but many married persons, particularly women, would like to award it immediately to any one who can cure snoring. Human beings can get used to many annoying things, like sleeping in the midst of heavy traffic noise or in areas close to airports, but the snoring of a spouse, it is commonly held, is beyond adjustment for most people. They lie awake, waiting for the next rattle, rumble or roar, and it has long been suspected that more couples are sleeping apart because of snoring than are sleeping together for all the other reasons combined together.

One snorer's wife complained to the medical column of a well-known newspaper that she woke up early one morning wondering who was starting a scooter in her bedroom. And this has continued ever since for the last 15 years. She does not remember any night on which she has had a good sound sleep for eight hours. When she threatened to go and sleep in another room, her husband retorted that he did not marry her to sleep alone.

Another woman spent 14 years listening to her husband's snores while she hung on to the other side of the bed to keep herself as far away from her husband as possible. But her husband kept reaching out for her and when he found her he would snuggle up and snore right into her ear. She eventually began to get up from the bed and walk around and get into it on the other side. After about 10 or 12 such trips every night, she woke up every morning a tired woman.

Medical science seems to be of little or no help till now. One wife found that her husband did not just snore. He created a combination of noises with his nose, throat and teeth. She took him to a Ear, Nose and Throat specialist with a request to do something about it quickly, otherwise she would go mad for want of sleep. The doctor replied that if he knew a cure, he would use it himself. He was one of the world's worst snorers. His wife refused to go on a holiday with him unless he agreed to take two separate rooms in the hotel and that too on different floors.

But there are always some exceptions. There are some considerate wives who can tolerate their husband's snores. Some of them can even sleep better just hearing their husband's snoring. They know at least where they are at night. Why do we snore and create this bedlam in the bedroom? Just look into a mirror. Open your mouth and say "Aaaa..he". Look at that red tail like piece hanging precariously at the back of your throat. The doctors call it the "uvula" or "posterior faucial pillar." Snoring is the result of inspired air flowing past the relaxed soft palate and the uvula. When you breathe in through your mouth this organ vibrates. The harder you breathe, the more it vibrates, and the louder the snore sounds.

Doctors have tried many tricks to cut down this bedlam. Surgeons have tried to remove the posterior faucial pillar, but this only changed the pitch. Another doctor tried to inject a heavy liquid into it to make it heavy so that it would not vibrate, but met with little or no success.

Some progress is seen now. The most common cause of snoring in persons over 60 and an important contributory factor in younger persons are collapsed outer sides of the nostrils. Collapse of nostrils can be treated by simple self massage and avoidance of sniffing. If the collapse is more marked special little nostril dilators may be worn at night. Some doctors also recommend a three-month trial abstinence from drinking or smoking. Steps to ensure sleeping on one's side may be helpful, since most people snore while on their backs. Adjusting the number of pillows is sometimes helpful. A foam rubber collar also may be helpful. One reason for snoring is allergic swelling of the nasal tissues. One man stopped snoring after omitting tomatoes from the diet. Another's problem was cheese.

The weather has a lot to do with snoring. Summer time is best for snorers. The muscles and tissues are more relaxed.

How much noise can one make in snoring? Noise recorders have recorded male snorers registering as many as 70 decibels of sound. This equals the roar of a hungry tiger at close range.

Women snore too, but they do not admit it easily. For some reason if a woman is accused of snoring she takes it as a personal insult. One light sleeper heard his wife snore. So one night he quietly put a tape recorder under the bed and switched it on as she put the lights off. In the morning he told her that she snored a lot, but as usual she did not admit it. Then he quietly brought the tape recorder and played the tape back. It immediately reproduced the snores of his dear wife. After 15 minutes of playing, her soft snores were interrupted by loud grunts — this was his contribution — but he proved his point.

A psychiatrist has proposed a new theory for the snore. According to him, men snore because they recall prehistoric days subconsciously, when males made noises at night to keep wild animals away from their cave dwelling. He further adds that wives should not complain much about snoring. They should look upon the snore as a sigh of affection.

A considerate wife gave up complaining about her husband's snoring when she read that snoring can be the sweetest music this side of heaven. If you don't believe it, ask any widow!

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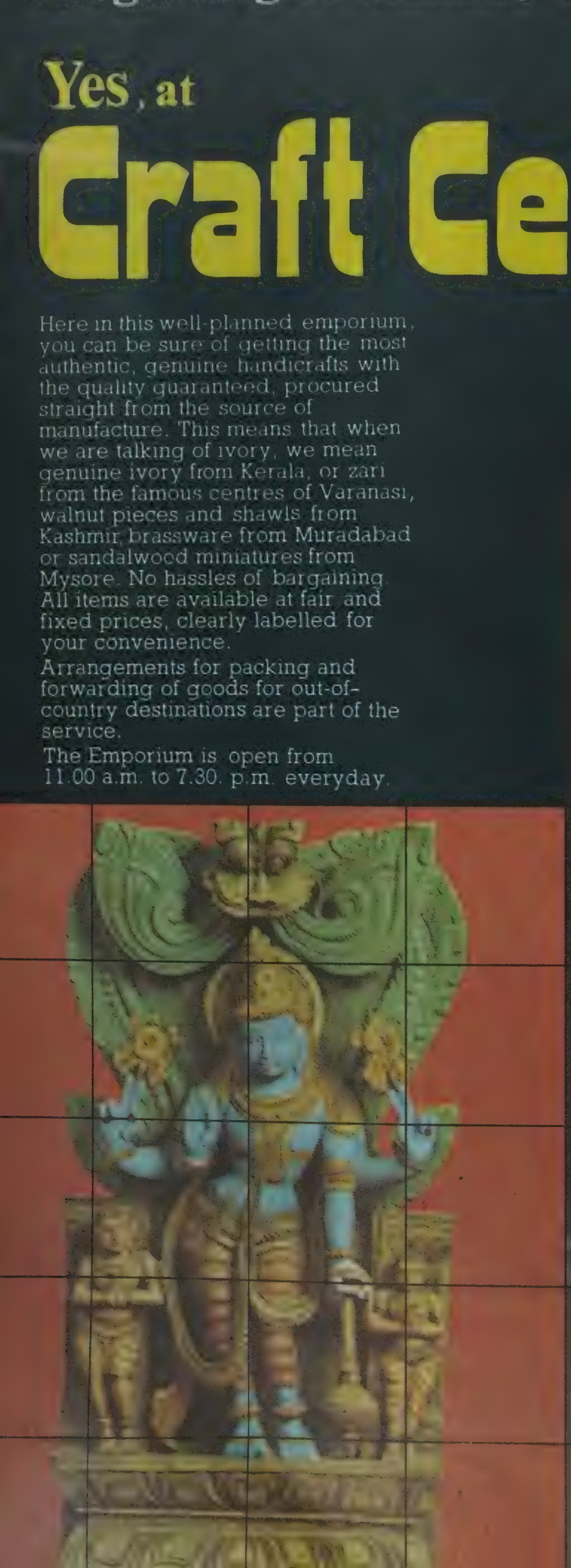

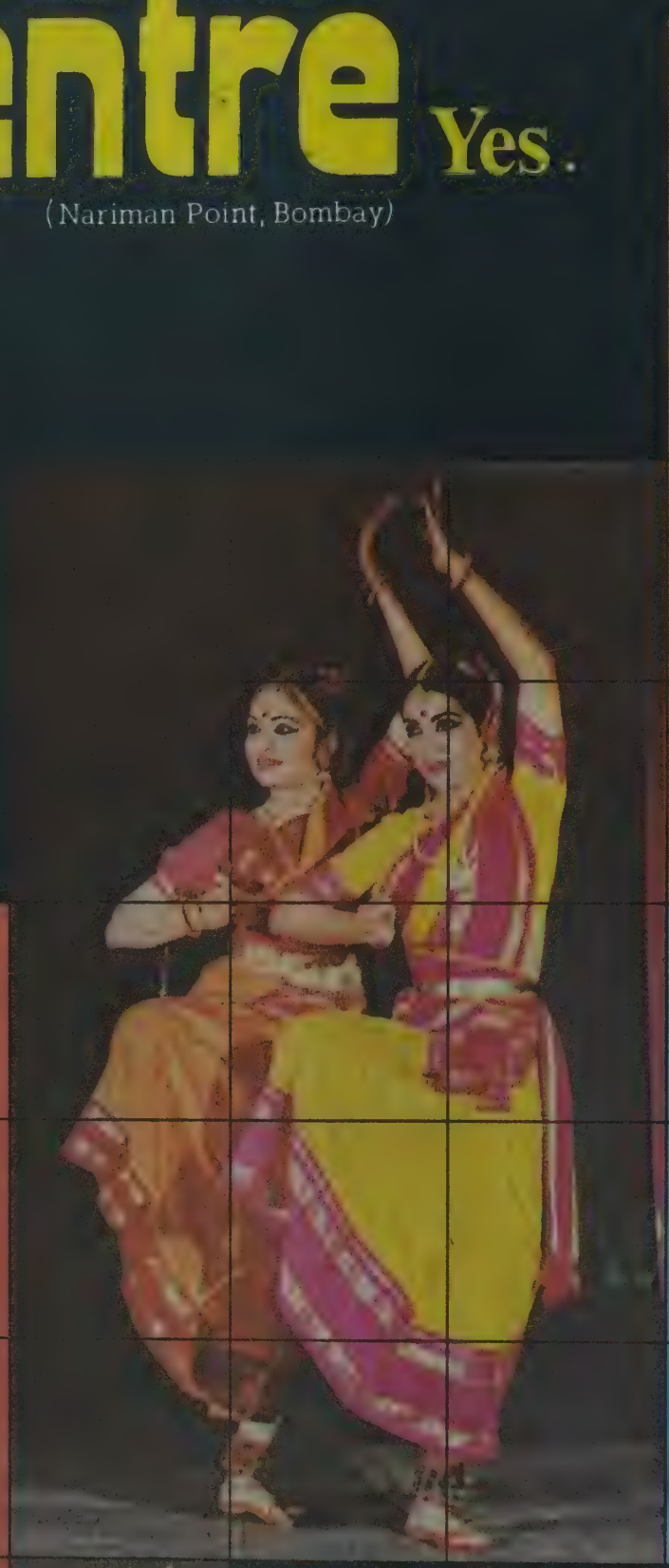

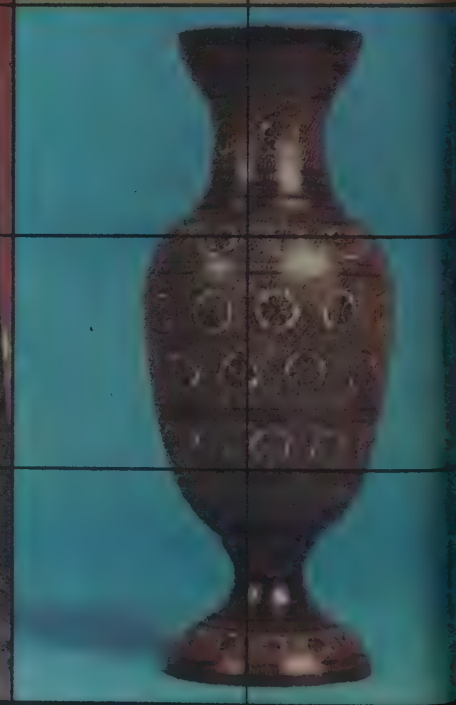

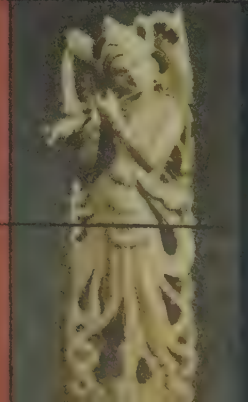

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Musical Exercises

Mention the word exercise, and most women groan in protest. But expanding figures and poor health have compelled many to take up exercise in one form or the other. Now comes Margot Chatterjee with her own particular brand of exercises done to music with fluid modern dance movements.

Currently conducting classes at the Oberoi Towers Health Club, Bombay, Margot, a German married to an Indian, learnt modern dancing in West Berlin at the famed modern dance school of Mary Wickmann. Born behind the "Wall," Margot's early childhood was spent in a totally artistic atmosphere. By the time she was five her dancer-mother had introduced her to the graceful world of dance. Her father, a painter, encouraged her to follow in her mother's footsteps.

Soon after school, dancing took up young Margot's waking hours. She was one of the last students to graduate from Mary Wickmann's school. She completed her three-year course in classical and modern dancing and qualified as a teacher.

An Indian club invited Margot and some other dancers to perform at its function in Berlin, "There I got my first taste of India. I started learning Indian dancing, especially Kathak, and took part in several of Tagore's dance dramas the Club staged at its many functions. Then in 1968, after my initial introduction to Indian dancing and drama, I came to Calcutta where I met my future husband and we got married."

Margot decided to put her dancer's training to use by starting classes for ladies. By harmonising her dance steps to music and making them repetitive she has devised a form of exercise-cum-dance movements to tone up the body. Her pupils are mostly Indian housewives and working women who are body conscious but bored with the traditional exercise routines.

"The movements we do are set to music so that they are not boring," said Margot. "I am trying to make them enjoy themselves while they exercise so that the monotony of the one-two-three movements is replaced by a feeling of euphoria while toning up the body.

Margot realises the limitations of her pupils' bodies and tries as much as possible to show them movements with the maximum of mobility but with the minimum of complications.

"The Indian housewife is basically shy and therefore she is tense. I want her to open herself out and relax. Once the stiffness in the body is eliminated it is easier to teach movements. The type of steps I teach can be done by the student at home to any music. It is not necessary to have a particular tune playing. In Germany we have radio and TV programmes for busy housewives right in the middle of the day in which they broadcast and show exercises and the housewife can copy them in the privacy of her living room."

Watching Margot conducting her classes and putting her pupils through their paces and giving them their first taste of modern dancing, it was apparent from the way her body moved that long years of discipline and hard work were responsible for her supple movements. The music she selects is peppy and modern, and her selection of movements is aimed at relieving each individual part of the body of stiffness and tension.

A sudden craze for exercising the body by dancing has been the cause of exercise-cum-dance studios mushrooming all over America and Europe. Soon to follow will be India if a similar "fever," rages when word spreads of Margot's expertise and the technique of this new exercise form.

M. Castelino

begging for a better deal

Cora Pereira

Today, while the children of 80 lakh residents in Bombay are attending school, over 15,000 child beggars roam the streets of Bombay begging for a living. Some of them may receive a 5-paise coin or perhaps some unwanted food, but most only get a curt refusal. Those who give the alms, of course, are satisfied with the glow of feeling generous or the earning of merit. And every day the number of children on our streets goes up, seemingly irrevocably. According to a group study conducted by the Tata Institute of Social Sciences, 74.67 per cent of the beggars come from rural areas into Bombay because of unemployment or family trouble. But the city does not afford them the bed of roses they had dreamed of. The chronic shortage of housing and employment facilities transfer them from the rural huts on to the footpaths of Bombay, where left-over food provides them at least a meal a day.

Most of them thus sustain themselves through begging or through begging combined with casual labour. With them come their children who are also forced to take to the streets to supplement the family income. The underpaid construction workers and other under-privileged parents do not mind their children begging in the anonymity of this vast city. The parents do not mind or perhaps cannot afford to mind, even if the child has to spend his entire life in begging. Many of them consider begging a "profession" and pride themselves in the daily feats that they manage to perform on the streets.

Some curse the fate which has ensnared them in this quagmire of deprivation, misery and insecurity, and they try to extricate themselves from it. Contrary to common belief, they are not "too lazy to work" but work and beg because they find it impossible to find work that will provide enough money for them and their families. Their children also are forced to take to work and/or beg at an early age. They have no choice.

Unless the Government casts off its lethargy and the people their misconceived ideas of charity, these child beggars will never be rehabilitated. It is up to ordinary people to channel their charity to institutions that care for the destitute and vagrant, instead of indulging in personal self-glorification through individual giving of alms.

No half-hearted ad hoc measures can eradicate this national shame of putting children on the streets to eke out their living by begging. Social workers, the Government, the police and the public at present have no clear idea about how to deal with the situation. Even those closely connected with the problem confess their helplessness. Interviews with those supposed to be dealing with the situation reveal how tough the task of eradicating child begging is.

A survey conducted for the year 1976 revealed that every year the Bombay man contributes Rs. 60 lakhs in alms to individual beggars on the street, whereas the funds of organised charities amounted to a mere Rs. 70,000 that year.

Mr. Kanti Kumar Podar, Chairman of the Children's Aid Society, attributes this to the Indian habit of giving alms directly to a deprived human being. He recalls the lack of response to charity boxes installed outside churches, temples and mosques. He blames the entire socio-economic system, poverty, over-population and lack of employment facilities as the cause for children having to take to begging.

Many child beggars are the offspring of migrant labour displaced from their farms. Even when some of these children have picked up skills at institutions, employment is difficult. Mr. Podar says his social contacts and the recognition of the worth of his institution enables him to find employment for the 100-odd children who come out of his institution. "But what about the rest?" he asks sadly.

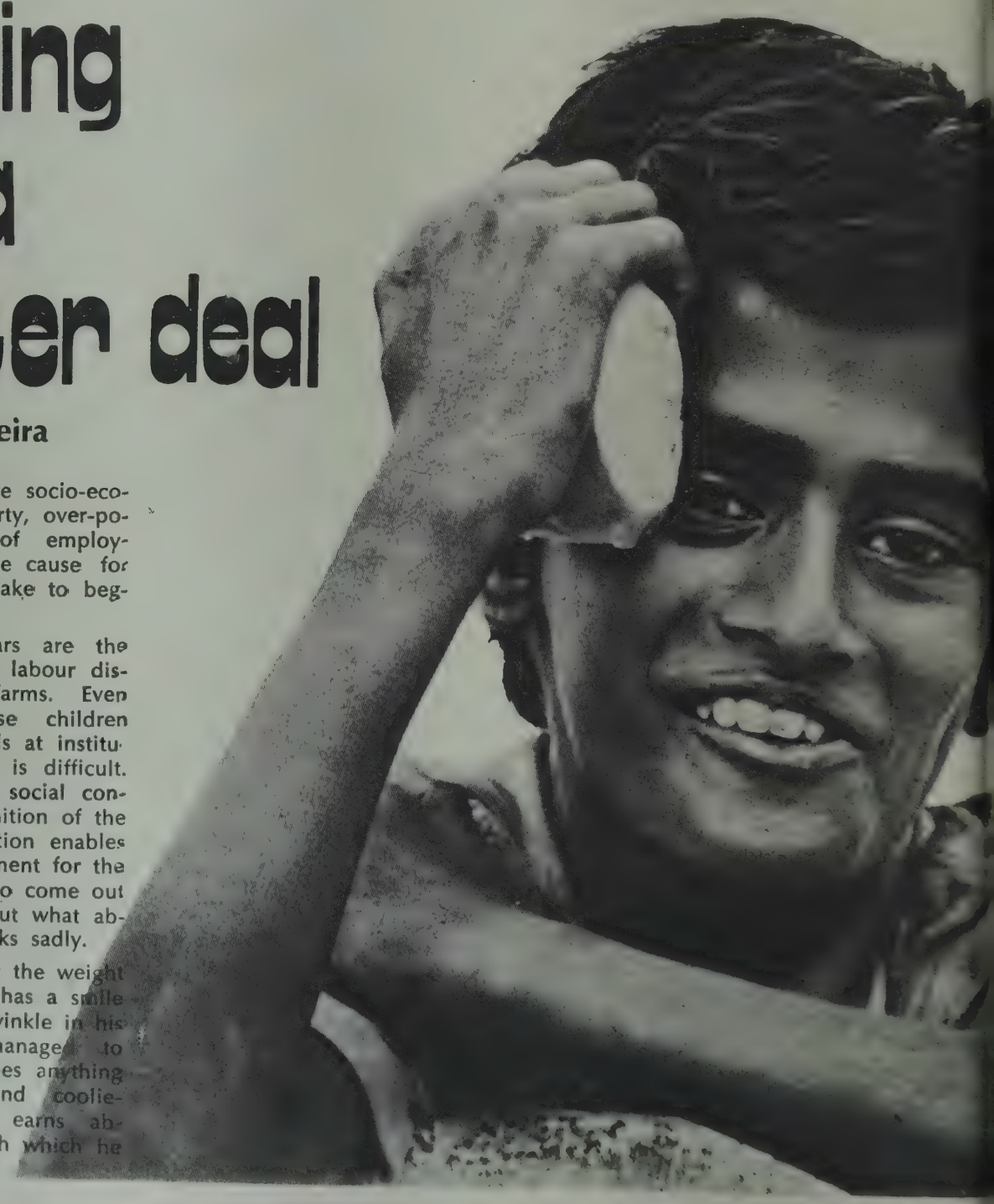
Bent double under the weight of his sack, he still has a smile on his face and a twinkle in his eye. Krishna has managed to find a living. He does anything from rag-picking and coolie-work to begging. He earns about Rs. 8 a day, with which he supports his blind mother and himself.

Raju asks me for ten paise. I ask him about his parents. He takes me to them. His father tells me he was forced to migrate to Bombay in spite of the fields he owned in his village because the crop was insufficient to meet their needs. Employed in Bombay as a casual labourer, he was earning Rs. 300, while his wife worked as a domestic servant. So they managed to live quite comfortably. But as fate would have it, he became a victim of T.B. He could not work any more and his wife was forced out of employment because of his illness. Ram Singh said, "The only way was to allow my son to beg." Raju looked at me defiantly. "Has my father given you the answers to your questions" His looks asked.

Mrs. Tara Shastry, Head of the Department of Continuing Studies, S.N.D.T. Universiy, and former director of the Karve Institute of Social Sciences, said, "Child beggary is due to sheer exploitation by parents, relatives, **dadas** and the public at large." Ignorant parents are perhaps not aware that it is exploitation, relatives and dadas are interested in filling their coffers, while the public encourages this exploitation by giving the beggar child alms. It is their way of ridding themselves of their guilt complex about not having done anything for the children on the street.

The beggar child very often suffers from psychological problems, being specially economically and culturally deprived, and begging could be a means of seeking attention from the people who have so cruelly ignored him.

Eight-year-old Farida, who was found by the police and taken to an institution, was the neglected third child of parents who



had wanted a son. They were Pakistani refugees who had migrated to Bombay. Farida was living with her grandparents and was supposed to be attending school. But every day she would beg as an attention-getting gimmick, just to prove that people did take notice of her. When she was taken to the institution she refused to admit she had parents, until one day, on an impulse, she said, "You know **bhai,** I miss my parents." Her parents were located, but they admitted they had a daughter only after much grilling.

Opposing Mrs. Shastry's views on the child beggar being a victim of exploitation, Mrs. Nirody of Bal Kalyan Nagari, who has been in the field of social work for 25 years and is now secretary there, feels it is the child beggar who is the exploiter, exploiting both the generous public and the institutions that keep them.

"Few real beggars exist in Bombay," she says. "Most of the so-called child beggars live with their families and ask alms for additional pocket money. Besides stretching out their hands for easy money, they industriously engage themselves in profitable scavenging of dustbins and rag-picking."

Substantiating her views, she spoke to me of two boys of her institution who they believed were at school, but who made a clean Rs. 2 a day selling peppermints in trains. Reprimanded on several occasions, they refused to be reformed, and in desperation she asked their only sister, who was very keen on their education, to let them earn their living, as they obviously enjoyed doing that more.

Suresh and Ramesh are twins. Heads on the ground, feet in the air, they sommersault over each other's backs. Entangled thus, one can hardly tell one from the other. The impatient commuters who are waiting for their buses, are not very appreciative. But to get rid of the pestering twins, they throw them some money, and even if the takings are not always good, they have managed not to starve after their parents' deaths.

THE PUBLIC IS CONTENT TO DROP A FEW COINS INTO THE PALM OF A BEGGING CHILD, BUT THIS IS MORE A SOP TO ITS CONSCIENCE THAN A REMEDY FOR A SERIOUS SOCIAL PROBLEM

But while many of the child beggars are genuinely in need of help, there are others who belong to organised gangs. Many of the organised beggars are supported by parents and relatives, who share the takings. But often, children are kidnapped by gangs who then force them to beg on the streets. These children live in constant fear of the dadas, and often when they are unable to meet the required quotas, indulge in "anti-social activities" to save their skin.

Groups of organised beggars are found in Bombay at places like V.T., Chowpatty, Mahalaxmi Temple, Haji Ali, Cotton Green and innumerable other places. At Cotton Green, agents have residences for the beggar children cleverly spread in the surrounding area. According to a reliable source, early every morning truckloads of children are dropped at important junctions and picked up again in the evenings.

"Organised begging is big time business," says Mrs. Nirody. Many of the agents live in posh localities like Malabar Hill and Warden Road. Mrs. Shastry spoke of parents who allow relatives and dadas to take their children to Bombay and use them for begging.

The police, of course, are not bothered about criminal activities like organised begging, especially when an indifferent society and irresponsible or incapacitated parents do not exert enough pressure on them.

Mrs. Shastry says that often when the parents lose contact with the dadas they complain to the police about their missing children, but the police are indifferent.

Mr. Haider Pathan is a criminal lawyer. And even though one is aware that mutilating and maiming of children is done quite frequently, the details he gave were appalling. A "gut tourniquette" is tightened every day to dislodge an arm or limb, a metal cap fixed tightly on the knee causes the leg to atrophy into skin and bone. Blinding of the child is caused by throwing lime water into the eyes or by removing the eyes completely out of their sockets. Portions of the face are cut off so that one can see the inside of the person's mouth. The growth of the hand or limb is stunted through the use of metal appliances. Skin treated with acid from the chin to the chest downwards is stiffened in the entire region.

The Indian Penal Code 1959, Section 363 A, makes kidnapping children or obtaining unlawful custody of a minor, and the maiming of a minor for the purposes of begging specific offences and provides deterrent punishment which may extend to life imprisonment when children are maimed. Mr. Pathan pointed out indignantly, "For the past 30 years the police have not arrested anybody for maiming or mutilating."

Mrs. Shanti Parwani, Assistant Commissioner of Police, was taken by surprise when I asked her about this organised begging. "Who says there's organised begging? I've yet to come across a case of organised begging. No cases of maiming or mutilating have been registered."

* * *

The kettle boils over. She takes it off the fire, pours herself a cup of tea, lifts it to her lips, sips its contents. The crowd claps in admiration and throws her a few coins. She picks them up with her toes, as her arms are only stumps. How did it happen? I ask her. "It was an accident," she says quickly, with the frightened look of a tortured animal casting a quick look behind her.

Meanwhile, organised and unorganised beggars continue to operate at traffic crossings, railway stations and places of worship. They live as well as they can, banking on the religious sentiments of the public. The practice of distributing food at religious functions, marriages, **pujas** and funerals by the religious minded actually worsen the beggar problem.

At Mohammed Ali Road, a predominantly Muslim area, restaurant owners distribute food to beggars that is paid for by the rich of the area. At Do Tanki and other areas also food is distributed by restaurant owners quite often the previous night's food is distributed, and this often harms the health of the recipient.

Christianity also preaches self-sacrifice and the giving of alms to the poor. But here the giving of alms tends to be more organised. Collections are made during church services and the poor of the community are looked after by priests, missionaries, and other parishioners. According to a work study by the Tata Institute of Social Sciences Hindus constitute 76 per cent of beggars, while Christians and Muslims contribute 6 and 16 per cent respectively. The Parsee community has organised charity, and their poor are generally looked after.

All those interviewed were against the idea of food being distributed by the so-called generous and religious-minded and felt that the money would be put to better use if donated to institutions which look after the destitute and vagrant. But many people fight shy of giving money to institutions either because they doubt the integrity of those running them or because they are under the misconception that only big sums are accepted.

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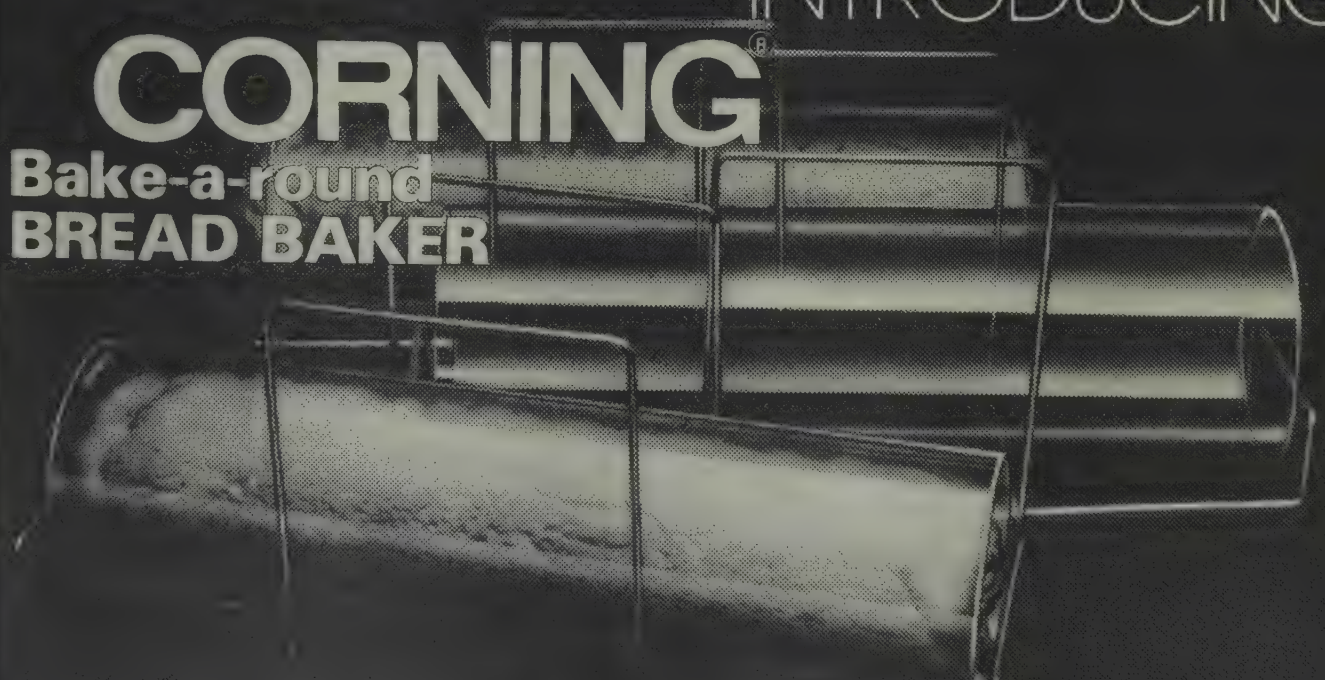

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BEGGING FOR A BETTER DEAL

But this is not always correct. The Children's Aid Society, for example, is above suspicion as regards integrity. It received Rs. 17 lakhs out of 71 lakhs collected during the last five years in coins and notes of small denominations.

Mr. Kulkarni, Chief Probation Officer of the Umerkhadi Remand Home, said that a child sitting on the steps of a temple with a box of **kumkum** receives 5-10 paise from every person on whom he applies kumkum. In effect, it amounts to begging but nobody thinks of him as a beggar, because of the element of religious sanction attached to it. He also spoke of a boy he knew who lived for months in Bombay on food distributed free, and who knew exactly where and what he'd get at these different places and would gleefully tell you what he'd eaten.

About distribution of food to beggars, Mr. Wadhwa, Additional Commissioner of Police, asked, "Who can stop people from being generous even if it is misconceived charity?"

The child beggar is no doubt a pitiable sight, but even those who hand out alms indiscriminately, either out of a wrong sense of charity or to get rid of a pestering nuisance, agree that he should be removed from the streets and put in beggars' homes or schools. But the Municipal Corporation and the Police claim that their hands are "too full" with innumerable "more important" problems to bother about beggars. Mr. Wadhwa says they cannot do much to counter the problem because the existing institutions are too inadequate to accommodate all those arrested.

"Every child who has been apprehended for some crime by the police has invariably started as a beggar," according to Mr. Kulkarni. So the police apprehend a child only for offences like theft, vagrancy, trespass, ticketless travel, or other offences more serious than begging, but easier to prove.

I asked Mrs. Parwani about it and she replied in defence, "These social workers may say anything because they believe the children who make up tales to win sympathy. But we police officers too are human beings and cannot always enforce the law, without considering the human, social or moral angle. The police do apprehend children who they think are delinquent and who they are sure would indulge in more serious anti-social activities. And we rehabilitate them if they do not have any living parent or guardian who can look after them. In 1978 in my ward 11,613 children were thus rehabilitated. We have also started two police clubs for boys — one at Gowari Shankar Wadi and another at Nani Park, with trained officers to look after their needs. Delinquency is a debatable concept. Even you or I could be considered deliquent by different societies. It is for the magistrate to decide whether the children are delinquent or not."

But Mrs. Shastry feels that the

police not only do round up child beggars, but even when a child is found smoking or gambling child protection legislation is not enforced. The railway authorities too, she feels, should prevent child beggars from utilising their premises for begging.

The child beggar is in need of help and something has to be done about him... and fast. The existing institutions are insufficient and of questionable quality. While discipline is essential, undue regimentation is uncalled for, as it only succeeds in turning a home into a prison. After all the deprived child begs from necessity and there is no excuse for punishing him.

The Children's Aid Society takes care of 3,000 destitute, vagrant and mentally retarded children. Of these 1,000 are beggars. Says Mr. Podar, "Social awareness of the problem of child beggars is quite high." Substantial and enthusiastic cooperation has been given by social service organisations, and college and school children, who organise camps, games and outings for the children of such institutions. In the institution itself, vocational and general education, along with health care are imparted so that the inmates can develop into useful citizens. Unfortunately, however, the skills taught at these institutions are often irrelevant to social needs so that the children cannot use them to find employment.

A few of them run away from the institutions," Mrs. Shastry complained, because they hate its regimentation as opposed to the freedom of their former lives in spite of its insecurity. But discipline is essential to ensure the maximum use of existing facilities. So those who are content to stay on emerge fortified to face life."

Petite Namita, though mentally retarded, today excels in needle work and is happy in her institution. Earlier she used to beg and sleep in trains. The movement and sway of the train, together with its crowds gave her a sense of belonging and security which her parents, who had deserted her, had failed to give her.

And while legislation alone cannot solve the problem of child beggars, "A few more institutions would definitely help," Mr. Wadhwa said.

Mrs. Shanti Parwani feels that while the existing institutions could do with some improvement both in number and quality, a joint venture by the Government and the people would resolve the beggar issue more effectively.

All those interviewed agreed with Mrs. Shastry that "all charities must be centralised for the betterment of the child".

People must realize the futility of indiscriminate charity and must contribute to a centralized pool that looks after the needs of the poor in the community.

Sponsorships and foster-care should be organised and encouraged, and we need urgently to liberalize our adoption laws. Besides imparting free education to children, the Government should distribute free textbooks and stationery, build libraries recreation centres and provide playgrounds for growing children to divert their energy into the right channels. Schools, colleges, municipal grounds could be utilised for the greater care of children, and students in the city would be most willing to organise lessons and games for them. The mass-media could also help in giving information about available facilities, Mrs. Shastry said.

"The magnitude and the growing nature of the problem of child beggar makes it impossible to eradicate it completely but the Children's Aid Society is doing its bit to tackle the problem, Mr. Podar said.

But ultimately, only sustained economic growth and development with distributive justice, together with a change in the attiude of Government can be the long term solution. Until then, the Government, voluntary organisations, and people with a sense of social responsibility must act together to tackle this evil. The attitudes of the public towards beggars has to undergo a change and each of us must help towards meeting the needs of the poor in one locality. The 1976 proposal for banks to credit the small change of their clients to beggar relief, which fell through, could be resurrected. So also the land donated in 1976 could be utilised for building more institutions, so that the police cannot plead lack of institutions, as an excuse for not rounding up the beggars more purposefully.

Vocational training in the institutions themselves should be geared towards agricultural operations, small scale enterprises, and ancillary occupations, so that they become relevant to job opportunities outside. The quality of food, accommodation and other factors also need looking into so that these institutions are really "homes" for the beggar children.

Voluntary organisations, the Government and public especially industrialists, should take up the child beggar problem more seriously, and cooperate in the enforcement of legislation pertaining to child beggars, help in their rehabilitation and provide assistance for their employment when they become adults. The Government should allocate much larger funds to bring these children into the mainstream of national life.

Mr. Podar is emphatic and optimistic in this respect. "The people the Government, industrialists, who are capable of starting homes of their own, are aware of the intensity and urgency of the problem of child-beggars and things certainly seem brighter," he asserted with confidence.

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THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

LET'S GET ONE THING STRAIGHT - THIS IS MY BOAT!
I BUILT IT WITH MY OWN TWO HANDS...
SO I GIVE THE ORDERS! I AM THE CAPTAIN OF THE SHIP! UNDERSTAND?
SOMETIMES YOU MIGHT THINK I'M BEING TOO TOUGH ON YOU, BUT A SHIP CAN HAVE JUST ONE CAPTAIN!
DON'T WORRY -
I'M HAPPY YOU'RE THE CAPTAIN -
YOU GO DOWN WITH THE SHIP!
6-24
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THAT'S A LAUGH!

Father: "My dear, if you want a good husband marry Suresh. He really and truly loves you."

Daughter: "How do you know?"

Father: "Because I've been borrowing money from him for six months and he still comes here to see you."

* * *

He (throwing stones into a stream): "I'm only a pebble in your life."

She (encouragingly): "Then why not be a little boulder?"

* * *

Helen: "He told me I was the prettiest and most interesting girl he had ever met."

Aunt Irma: "And do you mean to say you'd trust your future to a man who lies so shamelessly?"

* * *

The twins had been brought to be christened.

"What names?" asked the clergyman.

"Er — Steak and Kidney."

"Bill, you fool," cried the mother. It's Kate and Sydney."

* * *

"No Henry, I don't think a manicurist should marry a dentist."

"Why not?"

"Because if we had a disagreement, we'd be fighting tooth and nail."

* * *

"The doctor told my wife she should take some exercise."

"And does she?"

"Yes, if you can call jumping to conclusions and running up bills, exercise."

* * *

"I think you're a wretch. My first husband said I was far and away the best wife in the world."

"So you are, my dear, so you are. When you're far and away."

* * *

"Mrs. Smith, did you say, in the hearing of my little girl, that I was a great rusty cat?"

"No my dear. I said you were a great aristocrat."

* * *

Sue: "I refused to marry Harry two months ago and he's been hitting the booze ever since."

Kate: "Well, I call that carrying a celebration too far."

* * *

Two friends met in the street. One of them remarked on the dirty state of the other's hands.

"Why," he said, "your hands are covered with soot."

"That's because I was at the station seeing my mother-in-law away."

"But how did you get your hands dirty?"

"I patted the engine."

Compiled by George Fegradoe.

JAYA'S HOLIDAY

Jayashree Chatterjee

JAYA saw her as she crossed the road to enter Apna Bazar — Mrs. Ghosh. She sighed and wished she'd gone to the tailor's instead. Mrs. Ghosh had an uncanny talent for engaging one in detailed conversation of what one was doing or proposed to do in the future, and Jaya had often found herself telling this lady details of plans she would have normally kept to herself. But Mrs. Ghosh made Jaya feel like a hypnotised rabbit; she just had to keep on talking till her interrogator was satisfied. And, unfortunately, this morning Jaya did have something on her mind that would interest Mrs. Ghosh immensely.

Suddenly, however, the depression vanished and a wave of confidence surged within Jaya. This was exactly what she had been looking for: the opportunity to assert herself, to show that she had a mind of her own and every right to take a decision. Mrs. Ghosh would repeat her conversation with Jaya to everyone, and that was what Jaya wanted, wasn't it? That everyone should know that she was acting differently from what had become accepted routine for her and that she thought she had a right to do so?

"Jaya dear," gushed Mrs. Ghosh, "how are you?"

After a while, the conversation turned to the summer holidays which were barely two weeks away.

"When are you leaving for Calcutta?" inquired Mrs. Ghosh. And Jaya felt positively relieved at this opportunity to lay bare her plans.

It must be said on Mrs. Ghosh's behalf that it was not wrong of her to assume that Jaya would be leaving for Calcutta during the summer vacation. That was what she had done, unfailingly, every summer since the time she had moved into this locality as a bride six years ago. Even the arrival of her two children, one aged five and the other, three now, had not interrupted this routine, except the date of departure. Now they left the day after the kindergarten, which Jaya's elder child attended, closed for the summer. Besides, Jaya, too, constantly said, and quite sincerely, that she had to go to Calcutta once a year to visit her relatives. She had old parents-in-law, of whom she was very fond, as well as her own parents, to whom this visit meant a great deal as she was their only child.

Jaya smiled brightly at Mrs. Ghosh. "I'm not going straight to Calcutta this year," she announced. "I'm going to have a holiday alone in Pune first, and then go to Calcutta to visit my people."

"Alone?" exclaimed Mrs. Ghosh, her eyes gleaming at what she realised had the potential to turn into a juicy bit of gossip. "You mean, of course, that you and Rajan are going on a short holiday without your children before going to Calcutta?"

"No," replied Jaya decisively and cheerfully. "I mean what I said. I'm going **alone.**" She gave Mrs. Ghosh another brilliant smile. "I'm taking a week off from being mother, wife, daughter-in-law, daughter, etc. And now I really must get on with my shopping or I'll never finish my work."

She walked swiftly into Apna Bazar leaving a bewildered Mrs. Ghosh to puzzle over this new Jaya.

But why blame Mrs. Ghosh? Rajan had also been bewildered when Jaya had said that she wanted a break for seven days. And Rajan generally understood her pretty well.

"What do you mean, 'a break'?" he had asked. "Is being with all of us that unpleasant for you?"

"Of course it isn't!" she had replied earnestly. "I love you and the children and the rest of the family in Calcutta. You know that."

"Yes, I do," Rajan had answered, stirring his morning cup of tea — she had handed him his cup of tea, sat down on the bed beside him, and started telling him about her plans. "You've certainly always given me the impression that you loved all of us. But then why do you want to go off without us now? What are you going to do during those seven days?"

"Nothing," Jaya had replied dreamily. "Just nothing. That'll be the beauty of it. You and the children will be away in Calcutta. I won't do a thing. I'll just stay in bed all day and read or

do something equally idle. I'll have seven days of complete rest. Then when I arrive in Calcutta I'll be bursting with energy and be able to take perfect care of your parents and mine."

"I didn't know it was so difficult taking care of my parents," Rajan had replied indignantly. "Nor that you found being with your parents such a chore. And if you hate cooking for the children and me you should have told me before. I'll take the children to a hotel for their meals from now on!"

"Oh, don't be silly!" Jaya had cried impatiently. "Of course it's not difficult looking after all of you. It's just that I'm always having to be the efficient mother or wife or daughter-in-law or daughter. Now, for seven days, I want to be just Jaya. After seven days of complete, undemanding rest, I'll come to Calcutta ready to cope with everything again."

"What do you mean 'everything again'?" Rajan had asked bristling with indignation. "What exactly is it that we do that makes you feel you have to work so much for us? And who is 'just Jaya'? Jaya is part wife, part mother, part daughter-in-law and part daughter. You agreed to be all these things when you married me."

Fortunately, at that moment the sound of the grandfather clock chiming seven had warned them that any further argument would make Rajan and the children late for office and school.

Jaya finished her shopping and came home. The phone started ringing as she was turning the key of her front door. She left all her parcels on the floor, ran into the house and snatched up the receiver. It was Rina, one of her closest friends.

"What's the matter?" asked Rina anxiously. "I met Mrs. Ghosh half an hour ago. According to her you and Rajan are on the brink of a divorce. I assured her you weren't. I realised you had told her about your intended holiday, but do make an effort not to be so melodramatic when you tell people like Mrs. Ghosh about your plans. She says you don't want to be Rajan's wife and his mother's daughter-in-law any more! She's also given me a lot of advice which she wants me to relay to you."

Jaya sighed. "You're right. I was a bit dramatic," she said. "I couldn't help it. I suppose I knew that no matter how I put it she — and most people — would think it scandalous of me to want to have a holiday on my own."

She heard Rina chuckling. "Why shouldn't I come over and tell you all that Mrs. Ghosh said?" she suggested.

"Yes, do," replied Jaya.

About half an hour later, Rina and Jaya were sitting on Jaya's huge, cushioned couch and discussing the matter over mugs of hot tea.

"Mrs. Ghosh was really concerned about you," commented Rina, stirring the steaming contents of her mug. "After I managed to convince her that you were not deserting Rajan, she said to tell you that though she thought it very unnatural for a wife to want to have a holiday all by herself. . ."

When Jaya decided to go on a holiday by herself, without her husband and children, the neighbours, represented by the nosey Mrs. Ghosh, were shocked. This was the first crack in her married life, they solemnly decided

"But only for seven days. Seven days! Besides, what's wrong in my wanting a holiday without the family? It's not as if I want to live without them for the rest of my life. I got married because I wanted a family of my own. I still do. I like having my husband and children around me. It's just that I want to be completely alone for seven days."

Rina opened her mouth to answer, but Jaya wouldn't let her interrupt.

"The children will be perfectly safe. Their doting grandparents will look after them. Rajan will have seven days to meet all his old college friends and catch up with what has been going on in Calcutta for the past year. And I'll be fine in that guesthouse in Pune. I know the place and the city. So what's the problem?"

"Now may I tell you what Mrs. Ghosh said?" Rina put her mug down and started talking quickly. "She said she's very worried about you. She's never heard of wives wanting to go off on a holiday alone. And if you do this once you'll want to do it again. . ."

Jaya was about to say, "What's wrong with that?" but Rina silenced her with an impatient wave of her hand.

"That you may be tempted to prolong it — from one week now to, eventually, maybe one month, that's what Mrs. Ghosh fears, expects rather," explained Rina. "And, again Mrs. Ghosh's idea, Rajan won't be slow in following your example. He'll start going on a holiday on his own too. And the children will go to Calcutta on their own. Result: a broken home!"

"Well, Rajan's certainly welcome to go on a short holiday on his own," countered Jaya hotly. "But I doubt whether either of us would want to go on a really long holiday without the other." She stopped and then added simply and sincerely, "We enjoy each other's company far too much. It's just that I want a break from housework for seven days."

When Rajan came home from office that evening the first thing he said to Jaya was, "How would you like it if I said I wanted a break for seven days?"

"I'd say 'Go ahead'," replied Jaya promptly.

Rajan stared at her in disbelief. "Well, I don't want to leave my family and go away all by myself for seven days," he declared unctiously. "I've never felt that way."

"That's because your annual leave is a real holiday for you," pointed out Jaya. "You can forget about the office completely for thirty days. But I can never forget about the children or the housework even while I'm on holiday. I always have to look after the children. I have to look after your parents and mine. Of course, I want to, but I'll be able to do all that better if I've had a bit of rest before. You, on the other hand, aren't expected to do a thing while you're on holiday — to help at home, to look after the children. . ."

They argued on and on till dinnertime.

The next day was Friday. About an hour after Rajan came home the telephone rang. It was Rina. She had sprained her ankle and was in severe pain. The doctor had ordered her to take complete rest for two days. As her husband was in Ahmedabad on tour, could Jaya and the children spend the weekend with her?

Jaya covered the receiver with her palm and turned to Rajan. She quickly explained what had happened.

"Yes, of course. Go right now," he said. "I'll drop you there."

After Jaya had finished her telephone conversation, he added, "I'll keep the children here with me."

Jaya started at him in amazement.

"I'll be able to manage," he assured her. "I love being at home with my children."

Jaya opened her mouth to speak. Her youngest daughter was very naughty and she wasn't sure that Rajan could look after her all by himself. And the maid had asked to have this very weekend off. But her husband anticipated her objection.

"I'll be able to manage," he said again, very firmly. "I don't believe my children are all that naughty. They'll be happy with me!"

On Sunday night, Rajan and the children came to pick up Jaya. Rajan had been right. The children looked very happy. Their faces were positively glowing. But through a layer of grime. They looked as if they hadn't bathed for ages! And their hair had not been combed either. And their dresses had large chocolate stains on them.

The two little girls flung their arms round their mother and hugged her. Their fingers felt very sticky against Jaya's neck.

"Oh Mummy! We've had such a lovely weekend!" cried Maya, Jaya's elder daughter. And Piu, the younger girl, added very graciously, "You don't have to come home if you don't want to. I'm happy with Daddy!"

"Do you know, Mummy, Daddy didn't make us bathe at all!" Maya informed Jaya.

"What!" cried Jaya, "You didn't bathe for two days!"

"And we had 'choco'" — Piu's way of saying 'chocolate' — "and 'dlink' — nothing else for dinner and lunch today! It was delicious!"

Jaya turned to look at Rajan. He was staring out of the window trying to look unconcerned. She looked at the children and then at Rina. Tell-tale dimples were beginning to appear at the corners of the latter's mouth despite her efforts to keep a straight face.

Continued on page 31

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JAYA'S HOLIDAY

Continued from page 27

Jaya and Rajan drove home in complete silence. The children, course, chattered nonstop about thermometers ("mometer" to Piu), "dlinks" and "choco." But Rajan didn't say a word and Jaya decided it was wiser to keep si!ent too.

Inside the house, everything was in a mess. The beds hadn't been made, the children's room hadn't been tidied up and, worst of all, the kitchen sink was piled high with dishes.

"I washed up everything yesterday!" said Rajan gruffly. "But we needed everything again today!"

Jaya couldn't help smiling.

Gradually the whole story came out. Rajan had woken up early on Saturday morning and had prepared a delicious breakfast of cornflakes, scrambled eggs and toast for the children. While they were eating, Harish, Rajan's friend had arrived.

"I had let the children alone for barely fifteen minutes," Rajan explained, "when I heard a terrible sound. It was Piu. Her plate of cornflakes was on the floor."

Jaya's eyes turned automatically to the floor beside Piu's chair where the cornflakes must have fallen. There was nothing there now, but she could picture the mess.

"I cleaned it up immediately!" said Rajan quickly. "And then we decided to eat out because we'd be able to talk — Harish and I, I mean — and keep an eye on Piu too."

He looked at Jaya carefully. "It's difficult to do both, talk with a friend and keep track of what Piu's doing. I don't know how you do it," he added quickly.

"Oh but we washed all the breakfast dishes when we came home," said Maya, who was beginning to realise that her father wasn't enjoying telling all this. "And then Daddy cooked such delicious chicken curry. Only it got burnt..."

"Well it wasn't my fault..."

"It really wasn't. Daddy forgot about it because we discovered that Piu had swallowed the thermometer."

"What!" cried Jaya in consternation. "What did you say?"

"Well," started Rajan rather shamefacedly, "Harish had come back with us and wanted an aspirin and..." He suddenly caught sight of the worried expression on Jaya's face. "Oh Piu's all right," he assured her quickly. Then he went on, "I had opened the medicine chest and left it on the bed because I was in a hurry. How I was to know that Piu would make a beeline for it while Maya and I were in the kitchen?" he added defensively.

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"Never mind. What happened then?" Jaya interrupted impatiently.

"I did everything that was necessary after that," Rajan claimed, a trifle self-righteously.

"Mummy, we found Piu with the thermometer in her hand and the mercury filled end broken, "Maya burst in eagerly. "And Daddy said that she'd be very, very sick if she'd swallowed the mercury. So we hunted for the broken part all over the room. But we couldn't find it."

"No, we really couldn't," Rajan concurred.

"Why didn't you phone me immediately?" demanded Jaya.

"And have you say that I couldn't look after the children!? No thank you!"

"So what did you do?"

"Called Harish again." Harish, fortunately, was a doctor.

"So he looked for the mercury and the pieces and couldn't find them either. He said we should get an X-ray taken immediately in case she'd swallowed it."

"And then?"

"We raced to the Emergency — that was the only place where we could find an X-ray machine at that time of the night. But it was all right. There was nothing inside her."

Rajan looked at Jaya again with the same half-defensive, half-guilty look. "Well, I've had quite a weekend," he said. "Gosh! Looking after the children and running the house is hard work! You've always got to have your wits about you. Perhaps you do need that holiday after all. Relax and have a nice time in Pune!"

"Of course," he added quickly, "this weekend was worse because of what Piu did. Things would have gone smoother otherwise. I'd have got the time to clean up."

He indicated the room with a sweep of his hand. "Sorry for the mess," he said lightly, "but there was nothing else I could do. What would you have done in my place? I tackled the emergency first, naturally. Of course you do see to the house and our meals even when the children are sick. But you must admit I did everything that was necessary. I called Harish at once."

"Yes," agreed Jaya faintly, "at least you did that."

At that moment Piu came running up with an old box in her hand.

"Ma, see!" she exclaimed proudly as she opened it to show its contents to Jaya. "See what I've got."

Inside lay the remains of the broken end of the thermometer.

"Why, you naughty child!" cried Rajan. "You never said a word about this last night. You had me and Harish running round in circles wondering whether you'd swallowed the pieces when you had them with you all the time! Oh you naughty, naughty girl! Wait till I get my hands on you!"

The triumphant look vanished from Piu's face as she realised her father was really angry. Fear took its place. She rushed to her mother.

"Piu, why didn't you tell Daddy that you'd kept the pieces in your box?" asked Jaya. "He was worried about you, he..."

"But Mummy, he never asked me, he really never asked me. He and Harish uncle just kept looking and looking," cried Piu.

"That's true." said Maya suddenly. "We just kept looking and worrying. We never asked her." She turned to Rajan. "Daddy, you know when Mummy thinks Piu's taken something she always asks her about it. And sometimes Piu gives the things back. We should have asked her about it."

That was that. The children spent the first week of their vacation with their grandparents. Rajan spent his first week meeting old friends, drinking umpteen cups of coffee with them, and Jaya had her holiday in Pune. She came to Calcutta full of peace and tranquillity and ready to meet her family again.

READY-GO-WE

ABOVE: A full range of "Vinyl" raincoats for men, women and children. Coats, cloaks, ponchos, jackets, suits and trousers to select from! BELOW : A hooded sponge blazer worn over streamlined trousers and shirt.

R FROM PARIS

For summer 80, Paris designers have given a classic new shape to their ready-to-wear (Pret-a-Porter) collections. Mini dresses have made a major come back — short tunic dresses, skirts with pleats, and robe tunics tightened above the knees for those who wish to accentuate their legs. Loose, frilly and flounced ballerina dresses, shifts and schoolgirl smocks have taken the place of figure hugging dresses. Don't think that these fashions won't filter through to us. They will, reports MADHAVI SHARMA from Paris. And don't forget the accessories — chunky jewels, sun glasses of bizarre shapes, pouches, belts of straws and low heeled sandals. Materials, varied cottons for summer — vichys, seersuckers, chintzes, poplins, voiles — and colours — dull and pale to soft pastel shades.

ABOVE: Blazers in varied shades to wear over trousers, robes or outdoor loungers and bermudas.

the obstacle race

THE BIGGEST STUMBLING BLOCK FOR A GIRL TAKING SERIOUSLY TO ANY FORM OF REGULAR SPORT IN THIS COUNTRY IS THE OPPOSITION SHE FACES ON THE HOME FRONT. ONLY IF SHE SURMOUNTS THIS DOES SHE HAVE A CHANCE TO FACE THE OBSTACLES PUT IN HER WAY BY SPORTS AUTHORITIES AND THE SPORTS PRESS

Ashok Kamath

Geeta was a promising young athlete. Before she was 12, she had a sprint double record to her credit in the "Under-14" age group competition at the inter-schools level. Inordinately tall for her age, gangling, Geeta, with her Marsha Mason hair-cut and her aggressive go-getter mien, was the tomboy. archtype. Why, she even had the cheek to challenge the boys in her class to a race; maybe she sometimes had the satisfaction of thumbing her nose at some of them, too.

When they started a volleyball coaching camp for the girls in her school, Geeta was among the first to enrol. And she took to the game like the proverbial duck to water. At home, on Sundays and other holidays, she would give batting practice to her elder brother, bowling a fairly respectable variant of off-cutter/off-spin.

At one stage she found it difficult to decide which sporting discipline she wanted to specialise in and make a name for herself. Sprinting? Volleyball? Cricket?

By the time she was 15, Mummy began to get a bit worried about her "tomboy" daughter. She called the girl aside for a counselling session. "But Geeta dear, today you are a BIG girl," she remonstrated. "You can't afford to do the things you did as a child. Soon you'll have to be married off . . . We must equip you for that great day. From next week you'll have to lead a more disciplined life. Straight from school you'll attend veena classes — Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays — and sewing classes on Tuesdays and Sunday mornings. And, before I forget, I've told your class teacher that you will be opting for cookery and interior decoration classes instead of sports during the extra-curricular hour. . . Now, don't argue! Like a good girl, do as Mummy tells you. It's for your own good. . ."

And like a good girl Geeta did what Mummy told her to do. Coming as she did from a lower middle-class, conservative family, she must have found it difficult, if not next to impossible, to fight off societal and parental pressures. At least in this respect, her arch rival on the school track, Radha, was slightly luckier. Radha went on to become the University champion sprinter. Thanks to her affluent and liberal family background, Radha managed to ward off all pressures until, under a marriage-eve euphoria, she finally succumbed to her industrialist fiancee's wishes and hung up her spikes.

Today, both Geeta and Radha are efficient housewives, with respectable tyres around the respective waists. On her figure-conscious-husband's advice, Radha religiously goes about deflating the tyre in a health club; Geeta cannot afford it and hence doesn't care.

Geeta's and Radha's case-histories are just two of the countless examples of the sportswoman in our society dying young. Ask any Indian woman who has made it big time in sport — a Geeta Zutshi, a Shanta Rangaswamy, a Nirupama Mankad, a Mulini Reddy — she'll probably tell you that she made it IN SPITE of obstacles.

The biggest stumbling block for a girl taking to any form of regular sport in this country is the opposition she faces on the home front. In a nation where the collective sports consciousness is at a low level it is hardly surprising that sports for girls is taboo in many households. This is especially true in the case of middle class families — the main contributors of our representative sportsmen and sportswomen.

It is common knowledge that many parents insist on their children settling down with their books soon after returning home from school rather than allowing them out for some kind of physical activity in the neighbourhood. The well known excuse trotted out is, "Oh, he is so playful, he doesn't study. I don't want my son to become a vagabond." And if in the parents' scheme of things sports activity can make a vagabond out of the son, what it can do to the daughter can well be imagined!

One is not for a moment suggesting an all-play-and-no-work credo. India is no East Germany where the State comes into the picture to take care of the overall development of the promising sports child. But a balance has to be struck between work and play. This is something which many parents fail to realise.

The male child more often than not may successfully combat parental pressure, but in the society we live in, the girl finds it much more difficult to do so. Even those girls who brave parental opposition and/or indifference towards their participation in sports come up against the big wall of male chauvinism. This particular prejudice takes many forms.

The novelty of women taking to competitive sport is yet to wear off completely in our society. The cat calls, the wolf-whistles not to talk of the snide comments from male spectators from the sidelines make the average Indian sportswoman more inhibited, more self-conscious.

One strikingly illustrative example was an inter-University volleyball final in Madras. The girls from Calicut University turned out on court in shorts while most of their rival teams chose below-knee-level skirts. Inititally, the leg-show by the Calicut girls was vociferately greeted by the rowdy crowd but by the time they had reached the final, the novelty had worn out. However, every time the skirt-wearers jumped to spike or block at the net, one hand would reach skyward for the ball while the other would consciously be enlisted to make the billowing skirt behave properly! This peek-a-boo spectacle instigated the males further and needless to say, the girls in short skirts were unnecessarily hampered psychologically.

Perhaps it may be argued that it is entirely up to sportswomen to fight their own mental blocks and hang-ups. But the fact is, considering the conditioning her parents, teachers and society in general give her, the sportswoman finds it a formidable battle to fight. A start has no doubt been made at some levels: an Amreetha Ahluwalia today does not turn out on a tennis court in the exquisitely feminine costume, a Leela Rao or a Lakshmi Mahadevan (or even a Nirupama Mankad) used to sport. Amreetha prefers the unisex shorts and has been none the worse for it. But it will be some time before the average sportswoman realises that shorts are more often than not the most functional and ideal sports wear.

At another level, the media in this country has been notoriously prejudiced against, or conspicuously indifferent to, sports events involving women. The recent women's sports festival at Jabalpur, which had over 1500 women participating from all over the country and in more than 10 sporting disciplines, hardly found mention in the national Press. AIR did no more than make a cursory mention of some of the results in its sports news bulletins.

Most sports editors/reporters consider it an act of condescension to cover even a national-level women's sports meet. And this writer personally knows of a photographer who often chose the pretty girl to photograph ignoring the actual winner! Ridicu-

PERSONAL CHOICE

IT'S TEA TIME!

Having friends over for a cup of tea and facing the same problem of what to serve? Our young hostess, MRS. VANDANA BHARGAVA suggests a handful of quick and easy snacks to serve your guests. They are delicious and prepared from simple and easily available ingredients.
Mrs. Bhargava is a State Champion in table tennis from Rajasthan. Her other interests range from teaching interior decoration to child care and singing.

Photograph : Taiyab Badshah

ZAMEERKAND PUFFS

250 grams zameerkand (yam)
1 egg
½ cup gram flour
¼ tsp. chilli powder
½ tsp. coriander powder
½ tsp. garam masala
Salt to taste

Boil and grate the yam. Add all the above spices and gram flour to it. Mix well. Beat the egg well and add to the above mixture. Heat ghee. Put in teaspoonful of this mixture a few at a time, giving a semi-circular shape. Very little quantity of the mixture should be put for one puff as they double in volume when put for frying.

ATTA FRITTERS

1 cup flour
Ghee for frying
Salt and pepper to taste

Knead a soft dough of flour and water. Leave it overnight to ferment. Add salt and pepper the next day and beat into thick batter.

Heat ghee and fry small round balls out of this mixture. Remove from ghee when golden brown. Serve hot.

RICE CROQUETTES

2 cups boiled rice
½ cup flour
100 grams cauliflower
50 grams beans
50 grams peas
100 grams carrots
Salt and pepper to taste

FOR THE SAUCE:
2 tbsps. flour
1 tbsp. butter
1 cup milk
Salt and pepper to taste

Cut all the vegetables into small pieces. Par boil them.

To prepare the white sauce, blend flour and milk in melted butter. Add salt and pepper to taste and cook till thick.

Mix the boiled vegetables to the sauce and cook on fire for two to three minutes. Remove and keep aside.

Add flour to rice and mash well. Add salt and pepper to taste and form into a soft dough. Smear a little oil on your palms and spread one tablespoonful of the rice and flour dough. Spread evenly and fill the centre with the vegetable mixture. Roll up into an oblong shape. Dip in breadcrumbs if desired. Fry in hot oil till golden brown. Serve hot with crisp wafers and chilli sauce.

PUREE SOFTY DIP

½ cup semolina
1 cup flour
150 grams sugar
Ghee for frying
½ coconut
½ tbsp. posta seeds
3 cardamoms
½ litre milk
4 tbsps. condensed milk (optional)

Grind the coconut along with posta seeds and cardamoms to a paste. Keep this aside. Knead the semolina and flour into a soft dough. Roll out into thin puris. Keep aside. Boil the milk. Add the ground paste. Give four to five boils and remove from the fire.

Heat ghee and deep fry the puris till light brown. Dip them in the above mixture for three to four minutes. Remove and fold into half. Keep them in serving dish. Pour the remaining milk over the puries and garnish with finely chopped nuts. Before serving, add condensed milk and keep it in the freezer to set for five minutes.

CHEESE CRISPS

500 grams cottage cheese
250 grams potatoes, boiled
150 grams peas, boiled
1 piece ginger, finely chopped
3 green chillis, finely chopped
Coriander leaves, chopped
1½ tsp. garam masala
Salt and pepper to taste
1 tbsp. butter
A few peanuts and raisins
Ghee for frying

Mash the potatoes and cheese separately. Add ginger, green chillis, coriander leaves, little salt and pepper to the potatoes and keep aside. Now add a little salt, pepper, garam masala, raisins and peanuts to the boiled peas and keep aside.

Make balls out of the pea mixture with a little butter. Coat this with potato mix layer and finally give a smooth coating of cheese mixture. Heat ghee and deep fry till brown.

Serve hot with chilli or tomato sauce. Garnish with cheese straws and potato chips.

VEG-CLUB SANDWICHES

1 big loaf bread, sliced
8 thick slices processed cheese
2 big tomatoes
1 small tin pineapple
2 spring onions
4 medium size potatoes
1 small beet root

Remove the hard crust from the bread slice and toast the bread. Cool. Apply butter on the toasts. Put a tomato slice on one and cover with other toast. Over this, put the sliced cheese and cover with another toast. Lastly put the pineapple slice. Spread salad leaves on the serving plate. Place the sandwiches over it and garnish with potato fingers, spring onions and sliced beet root .

MAWA DAL ROLLS

½ cup green gram dal
½ cup black gram dal
100 grams khoya
250 grams sugar
3 cardamoms
6 almonds (optional)
Few small pieces cashewnuts
½ cup coconut, grated
Two drops kewra essense
Ghee for frying
½ cup cream (optional)

Soak the dals overnight. Wash and grind to a paste. Mix well. Heat the frying pan. Roast the khoya for two to three minutes till even and leaves the fat.

Add all the dry fruits except coconut. Mix well. Make a thin syrup from sugar and water and keep aside.

Make small flat round balls of the dal mixture and fill the centres with the khoya mixture. Close up and seal the opening. Fry these balls till brown.

Dip them in syrup for ten minutes. Garnish with grated coconut and cream.

POTATO BONDAS

½ kg potatoes
250 grams peas
2 onions, chopped
1 pod garlic, chopped
1 small piece ginger, shredded
1 cup gram flour
½ tsp. garam masala
Coriander leaves and green chillis, chopped
Salt and pepper to taste

Boil, peel and mash the potatoes. Boil peas and mix with the potatoes. Add garlic, ginger onions, coriander, green chilli, salt, pepper and garam masala to it.

Prepare a thick gram flour batter. Make small round balls of potato mix, dip into gram flour batter and fry till golden brown.

SAGO BONDAS

240 grams sago (sabudana)
2 potatoes, boiled
125 grams groundnuts
Green chillis to taste
1 bunch coriander leaves
¼ coconut, grated
A sprig curry leaves
1 tsp. cummin seeds
2 tbsps. curd
Ghee or oil
Salt to taste

Wash and soak the sago for two hours. Roast the groundnuts and powder them finely. Drain and squeeze out the water from the sago. Mix in the mashed potato and groundnut and form into a dough. Chop the coriander leaves, green chillis and curry leaves. Add to the above dough. Mix well. Lastly add the coconut, cummin, curd and salt to taste. Heat oil. Smear little ghee on your palm. Put a little of the dough mixture, flatten a little and fry till golden brown. Serve hot with green chutney.

NEW GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

Prize winners of our Weekly Contest will receive, from January 1980, in addition to the usual Rs. 50.00 cash prize,

1) A 9-cup Storefresh container from **TRU PTI INDUSTRIES,** Bombay, 2) A Gift Hamper from **CORN PRODUCTS** containing Brown and Polson Custard Powder, Rex Jelly, Rex Baking Powder and Davis Gelatine and, 3) A compact gift packet containing all the Spices and Spice powders from **P. MITTULAUL LALAH & SONS,** Madras.

So send in your original vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with a coupon, to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay 400 023.

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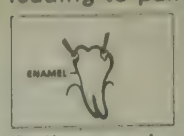
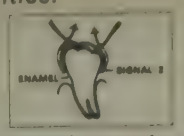


Ordinary toothpastes can't stop mouth acids from penetrating teeth and causing decay.



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The cavity-fighter

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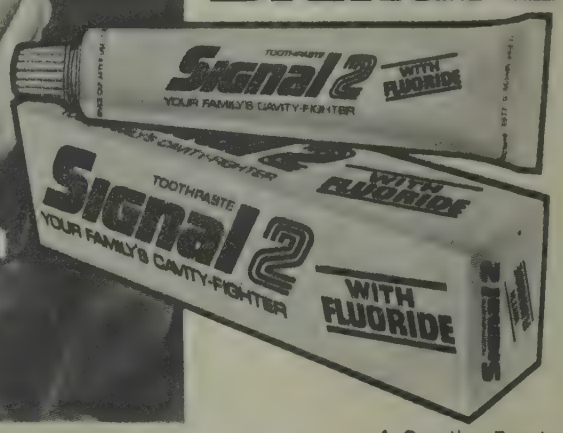

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NEW

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RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

Mrs. Malati Bendre, Bombay.

SWEET COCONUT BANANA

1 coconut, grated or
2 cups dessicated coconut
6 big yellow bananas
½ kg jaggery
4 cardamoms, powdered
Salt to taste

Mix the coconut, jaggery and salt together. Cook on a low fire till sticky. Let it cool. Mix the cardamom powder. Wash and peel the bananas. Do not discard the skin. Slit the bananas lengthwise. Fill with the above cooked mixture. Put the banana skins in a flat greased pan. Put the filled bananas over it. Place the pan on a low fire. Cover and cook till the bananas turn soft and golden brown. Remove. Arrange them into the dish and serve.

Mrs. Jaya Suryanarayana, Nagpur.

MIXED DAL VEGETABLE IDLI

1 cup black gram dal (udad)
1 cup green gram dal (moong)
½ cup tur dal
½ cup Bengal gram dal (channa)
100 grams green peas
100 grams carrots
100 grams fenugreek leaves
4 green chillis
1 bunch coriander leaves
A small piece ginger
1 tsp. cummin
A pinch asafoetida
Salt to taste

Soak the green gram, Bengal gram, and tur together, and soak the black gram dal separately, for about four hours. Grind black gram into a smooth paste and the other mixed dals coarsely. Mix both the dal paste together, add salt to taste. Leave the mixture overnight to ferment. Chop fenugreek leaves, boil the peas and fenugreek leaves for five minutes, keep aside. Chop chillis, ginger, carrots, coriander leaves. Add to the dal mixture. Also add the boiled peas, fenugreek leaves, cummin and asafoetida. Mix well. Steam like idlis. Serve hot with butter and coconut chutney.

Mrs. Malathi Swaminathan, Nasik.

DAL SPINACH KOOTU

1 bunch spinach
200 grams tur dal
Salt to taste
½ tsp. turmeric
1½ tsps. sambar powder
1 tsp. rice flour
3 tsps. cummin seeds
4 tbsps. coconut scrapings
A few curry leaves
A few coriander leaves

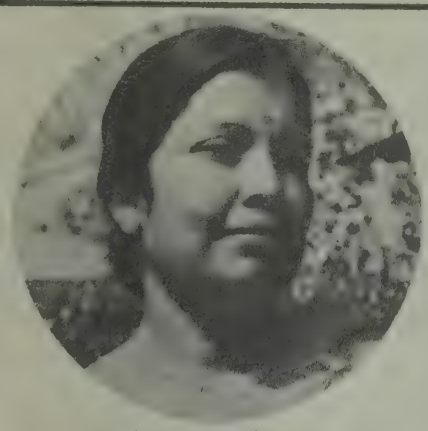
FOR SEASONING:

2 tsps. mustard
2 tsps. black gram dal
4 to 5 dry red chillis

Pressure cook the dal and keep aside. Chop spinach and wash well. Cook in enough water along with salt, little cummin seeds and turmeric powder. When cooked, add the mashed dal, sambar powder and mix well. Grind the coconut scrapings with the remaining cummin seeds to a fine paste. Add this to the above dal mixture stirring continuously to avoid any lump formation. For a thicker consistency mix rice flour in little water and add to the dal mixture. Stir well. Let it boil for five minutes. Remove from fire. Season with mustard, black gram dal and red chillis. Add chopped curry and coriander leaves. Serve hot with rice or chappatis.

WEEKLY WINNER

NILIMA MAJUMDAR, Burnpur.



Mrs. Majumdar wins Rs. 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a 9-cup Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Corn Products and P. Mittulaul Lalah and Sons, Madras.

GOKUL PITHEY

1 small coconut
150 grams sugar
150 grams khoya
A pinch nutmeg
1 cup flour
1 tbsp. pure ghee
¾ tsp. soda bicarb
1 cup thick milk
250 grams sugar
A little milk
Ghee for frying

Grate the coconut and grind it. Mix the hundred and fifty grams sugar and khoya with the ground coconut. Cook on a slow fire till it leaves the sides of the kerahi. Add nutmeg powder and cool. Make small tikias out of this mixture. Sieve the flour with soda thoroughly. Rub in ghee. Add the thick cold milk and make a thick custard-like batter. Keep this aside for one hour. If necessary a little water may be added to it. In the meantime make a thick one string consistency syrup with the remaining sugar and two cups of water. Remove from fire and cool. Now heat ghee on a medium fire. Dip the coconut tikias in the batter and fry them golden brown. Remove and dip into the cold sugar syrup for two to three minutes. Serve immediately.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.

2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.

3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcemen is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

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ARTIST OF THE MONTH

Introducing women in the art world, whose work contributes significantly to contemporary Indian art.

WEAVINGS

RAVI KAUR

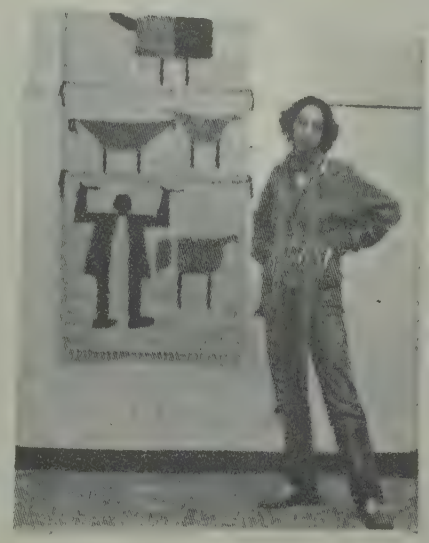
Ravi Kaur's weavings have brought art into the living room. Useful as well as eyecatching, her gauze hangings, room dividers and screens have a distinct stamp of the tribal art form but on a very sophisticated level.

Ravi Kaur's weavings are elegant compositions in earthy colours of rusts and browns with an occasional splash of black, orange or yellow against an off-white or cream background.

Her themes are mostly drawn from Nature. There are stylised trees with undergrowth, dragonflies and birds captured in mid-flight, columns of very Egyptian looking figures, monkeys, lions and elephants. In some compositions as in "Rider on a horse", man is shown as an integral part of Nature. Man is neither subservient nor superior to Nature but is depicted as living in harmony and understanding with it.

The materials used for her weavings is cotton warp and wool weft and is a combination of hand spun and mill spun yarn.

Educated totally in Malaysia, Ravi came back to India drawn by the lure of textile designing. As Malaysia did not have the facilities or expertise in textile designing, Ravi joined the National Institute of Design in Ahmedabad and spent five-and-a-half years majoring in textile designing.



1

2

3

1. The artist poses with some of her work.

2. "Lion."

3. "Tree and undergrowth."

During this period she worked for one year with the Rural University at Jawaja in Rajasthan. Here she taught weaving to the villagers. Ravi is a passionate campaigner for the much neglected and much exploited artisans of Indian craft. She feels that not only are they exploited within India but the fault is compounded by their exploitation abroad.

As a case in point she speaks of the Madhubani paintings which she herself exhibited and sold at her craftshop in London for £4 while similar paintings were tagged at £100 at a West End art gallery. Very little of this money percolates to the artisan who continues to exist in an impoverished state.

Ravi has in fact tried to work in villages but was rather disillusioned with the misdemeanours committed under the venerable mantle of "social welfare." She feels that much of the social work is an "ego trip" where a person or an organisation tries to achieve public recognition and material gain, whereas some of the sincere social work receives very little publicity and much less assistance from the public or the people in power.

Ravi gets a little more than just appreciation and understanding from her husband, Bipin. He actively participates in the work by preparing the vegetable dyes that Ravi uses. He draws the dyes from purely organic sources such as flowers — madder and tesu give rich shades of browns and ochre — Arjun wood, kikar and walnut bark, walnut shells, tea, and pine cones. His adventurous experiments have included among others lime and betel nut powder! Although Ravi has at times used chemical dyes she prefers vegetable dyes for their purity, soft tones and the total lack of any polluting properties.

After Ravi's marriage to Bipin, they both proceeded to London and worked in a commune/co-operative which was known as the Earth Exchange. Here they began a craft shop which stocked handwoven and block printed fabrics and other varied crafts from third world countries. They also helped to run the health food shop and a vegetarian cafe. This was a very challenging job, for this small group of seven people had to look after all the aspects of business, such as buying, selling, packing and serving.

But this took a heavy toll of Ravi's time and energy and left her with very little time for creative work. So she left the craft shop and spent the rest of her stay in England weaving in Marlborough. Her work was exhibited and quite a few pieces were sold at the Craftwork Gallery, London.

Continued on page 45

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CURRENT

ARE YOU A LARK OR AN OWL?

David Gunston

"It's nice to get up in the morning" as the old music-hall song says, "but it's nicer to stay in bed." Most people will tend to agree with the latter opinion.

For apart from the freakish few who can (and do) leap out of bed at the first chink of dawn-light or the first buzz of the alarm-clock, getting up in the morning is something of a daily wrench that has to be endured.

Science these days tells us an awful lot about sleep, how much we need, how to ensure it without drugs, and so on, but waking up is hardly mentioned, let alone the one essential to the continuance of an active life—getting up.

Yet why should we all crave that extra ten minutes in bed? Why should we feel so unenthusiastic about getting up? What do we really know about this other end of the mysterious subject of sleep? And how best to wake up and get up when we know we should?

When we drop off to sleep at night our various faculties, as governed by different sections of the brain, relax in a fixed order. First to go is will-power, followed slowly by reasoning, memory, imagination and the sense of smell. Hearing, touch and movement are the last to relax.

On waking in the morning, the reverse order is followed. Thus will-power is the last faculty to rejoin us. No wonder it is so often difficult for the brain to order us to get up immediately we are conscious we should. In fact, it's a case of "he who hesitates is lost," since to put off the evil moment is to reduce the will actually to get up.

At the same time, although our sense of hearing has returned and we can hear activity around us, our sense of time has not yet returned. Consequently, those "few minutes more" may in fact turn out to be half-an-hour unless we are careful.

Another factor that affects our morning habits is the now firmly established one of our sleeping in marked waves or "valleys." The soundest sleep comes during the first hour, usually before midnight. Deepness of sleep then wanes and waxes again, perhaps twice, before about the seventh hour. By then, many adults are deep in another sleep valley, and not at all ready to rise and shine.

This can be proved by regularly checking the body temperature, which falls slightly during the deepest sleep and rises when wakefulness is near.

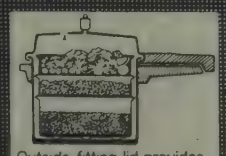
A definite body rhythm such as this does in fact divide us all into two separate categories — "day" people and "night" people, or, as Sir William Osler termed them, "larks" and "owls."

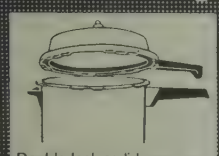
"Day" people, or "larks," are those who find least difficulty in waking and getting up, because their rising time coincides with the crest of a sleep valley, when unconsciousness is shallowest. Although no one is fully awake when he or she gets up, or is completely normal in such widely different things as body temperature, blood pressure and speed of reflexes, these folk quickly reach par and are soon at their working efficiency peak. In fact, they may do a lot of work before the "owls" are even awake. They make good breakfast companions, regard the alarm-clock as a welcome sound (or scorn its aid altogether), and usually have a bright face with which to start the day. But their efficiency level may taper off early in the evening!

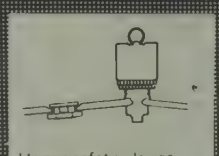
On the other hand, the "night" people, or "owls" are often deep in a sleep valley when they should be getting up. When they finally rise, they are well below par, perhaps for several hours (eight is the record), grouchy, drowsy, resentful of the whole business of having to wake at all. Yet these people — and research seems to indicate they form the majority — reach an efficiency peak by midday as a rule and can carry on often late into the night.

Perhaps one day further investigation will enable us all to become happy, on-the-dot wakers. Then, and probably only then, will it really be nice to get up in the morning.

8 reasons why...


Outside-fitting lid provides maximum cooking space – with or without separators; for greater fuel economy


Double locking lid ensures cooker cannot be opened while there is pressure Safe and easy to use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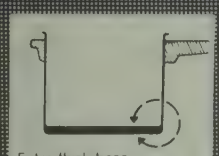
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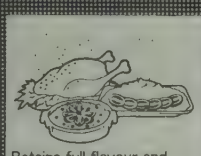
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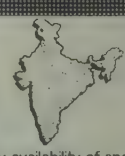
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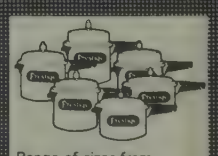
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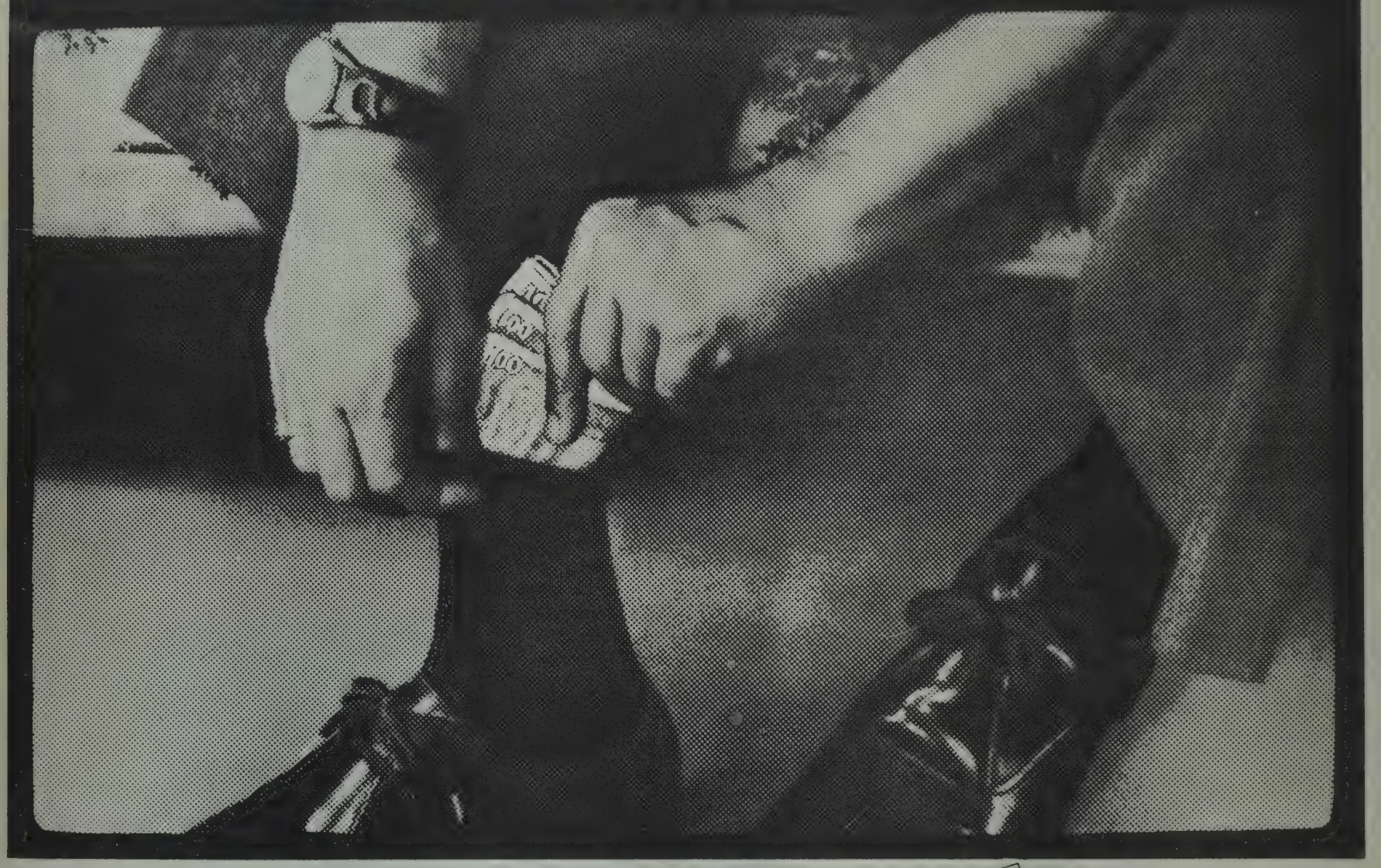

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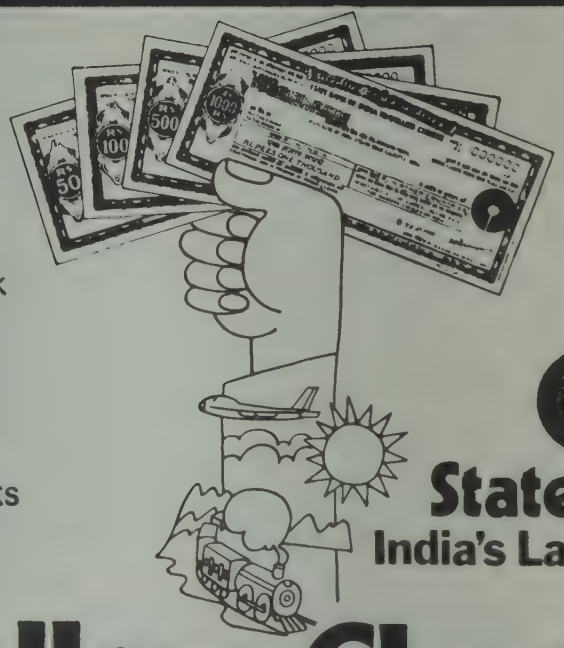

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WOMEN IN FOCUS

RAJESWARI PADMANABHAN

CONTINUING A FAMILY TRADITION

Rajeswari Padmanabhan is the granddaughter of the late eminent Veena Vidwan, Karaikudi Sambasiva Iyer, and is the chief veena instructor at the world famous "Kalakshetra".

"I started playing the veena at the age of five. My mother was my first guru and my maiden stage performance was at the age of nine. I used to accompany my maternal grandfather during his concerts. He was the chief instructor at Kalakshetra in those days. I was undergoing advance training in Carnatic music under the able guidance of Mysore Vasudavachar. I wanted to master the intricacies of Carnatic music and this was made possible by a government scholarship. Only after that was I able to sing along with the veena.

"When my grandfather died suddenly, everybody at the Kalakshetra expected that he would be succeeded by another renowned Veena Vidwan. Instead, Smt. Rukmani Devi entrusted the responsibility to me. Since then my activities have been centred mainly on veena recitals and the Kalakshetra."

Rajeswari has given several performances in India and abroad. In 1971, she had an opportunity to visit Europe as a member of the Kalakshetra cultural troupe. In 1975, at the invitation of the Museum of Anthropology, West Berlin, Rajeswari visited many European cities and gave performances in Amsterdam, Berlin, Bonn, and Hamburg. She is planning to visit the U.S. in the near future.

Even though she has not cut an L.P. in India, records of some of her veena recitals have been released in Japan and the U.S.

Narrating an interesting experience in connection with this, Mrs. Padmanabhan said, "Some time ago, a Japanese youth who was on a cultural tour of India visited me. He had heard a record of my recital somewhere and expressed his desire to tape record some of my recitals. His sincerity and eagerness won me over and I played for him for an hour. I forgot about him the moment he left.

"To my surprise, I got a letter from one of my disciples in the U.S. that a Japanese L.P. record of my recital was being sold in America. I was flabbergasted initially, and then remembered the Japanese youth. Subsequently I got the record from him. The record was titled 'Padmanabhan, the queen of Veena'."

Rajeswari's ten-year-old daughter, Sri Vidhya, who also plays the veena, sometimes shares the dais with her mother.

"Sri Vidhya represents the ninth generation of our family of vainiks. Today she is capable of giving independent performances also," says Rajeswari proudly.

Shanthi Gopalan

ARTIST OF THE MONTH

Continued from page 41

On their return to India they have set up a workshop in Dehra Dun where Ravi is fully involved in weaving at her two looms.

She first does small sketches in black and white and then transfers them on to the yarn. In fact, she makes sketches of anything that she feels can be woven artistically. Weaving on gauze is a much more tedious and laborious process, but the effect is at once delicate and arresting. In this case, the sketch has to be transferred on to a graph paper and blown up to several times its size. The weaving too has to be very accurate, corresponding to each little square of the guiding design on the graph paper. It is a painstaking job but one that results in a new and refreshing art object.

Ravi spends anything from ten days up to two or three weeks per piece. She sends some of her work to David Canter who runs the Craftwork Gallery in London. Canter, who is a leading authority on crafts, is highly appreciative of Ravi's work and has found a market for her weavings.

While the artistic and creative side of Ravi finds fulfilment in her weavings, the commercial and practical part is also not neglected. So, while her looms spin forth these beautiful screens, the little craft shop in Dehra Dun brings out exclusive series of block printed sarees, pillow slips, tablecovers and bedsheets. The designing of the blocks is done by Ravi and the rest of the work is carried on by Bipin, a printer, and a helper.

Ravi's blocks are different from the usual run-of-the mill ones, for she has tried to bring about a harmonious blend of the modern and the traditional. Exclusive new designs are created so that there is not much of repetition. Samples of her prints have been impressive enough to procure for her a grant from the All-India Handicrafts Board.

The importance of Ravi's contribution is that she has provided a link between the rural art of India and urban art. Urban art in India has been acquired from and influenced by art movements all over the world, whereas rural art is fostered locally and is sheltered and tradition bound. This return to traditional crafts, this rededication to the original motifs, colours and patterns has resulted in designs that "retain the true touch — there is no anonymity or processed quality to her patternings."

Ravi's art is one that bridges that narrow gap between art and craft, a gap that should be closed completely.

Malati Jaikumar

ANSWERS TO EVE'S WEEKLY QUIZ NO. 10

1. **Orianna Fallaci**
2. **Astad Deboo**
3. **St. Lawrence**
4. **Devika Rani Roerich**
5. **An inhabitant of "Manchester**
6. **Liu Shao-Chi**
7. **Austria**
8. **Sir Isaac Newton's "Principia Mathematica".**
9. **Cuttack**
10. **Pablo Picasso**
11. **"Thus Spake Zarathustra" (1896).**
12. **"The Far Pavilions"**

The prize money of Rs. 200 will be distributed equally among 10 readers who sent in all-correct solutions.

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PASSING THROUGH

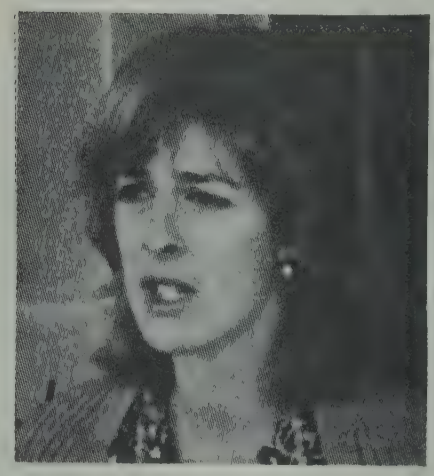
CAROLINE COTTAM

A SWINGING CAREER

Slim and pretty Caroline Cottam, who works as the Assistant Personnel and Record Manageress with world famous "Juliana's Sound Services", London, was on a short visit to Delhi recently. She had come to check the working of the only discotheque set up in India by "Juliana's" in a 5-star hotel in Delhi. "We often visit our contracts in Europe and the Far East to see whether the quality and the high standards set by our company are being maintained or not. A regular visit to our contracts helps us to achieve maximum efficiency. The disc-jockey in the discotheque here is doing very well. I have been very pleased with her work," she said.

"Juliana's" was set up by two brothers in London a few years back and within a short time has gained a widespread and unblemished reputation among music lovers of all ages. Its main job is to supply a perfect sound system, a perfect light system, the latest records and a well trained disc jockey — in other words, to supply a discotheque in a package to anyone who asks for it.

Caroline, who joined "Juliana's" as a disc jockey a few years back, now recruits and trains new disc jockeys and also selects the latest records for the company's various contracts. "I have to listen to all the new records which come up in the market and then decide which music will be suitable for which area. People in different areas have different tastes and we have to constantly cater to them," she said. "We supply classical, jazz and popular music to all our contracts: The disc jockey must be familiar with music of all kinds and also know something about the musicians. While employing disc jockeys we try to get girls who are adaptable to all kinds of music and who have no strong preferences for any particular kind of music. A



good disc jockey, I feel, is one who never plays music that she likes, but what her customers like."

Most of the disc jockeys with "Juliana's" are girls. Caroline says that the customers prefer girls to men. "But in some areas where there is a demand for men, we also have men disc jockeys. Girls, I think, make as good disc jockeys as men and are hard working. The disc jockeys that I employ, need not be just beautiful, but they must be pleasant, intelligent and must know how to behave with the customers. We have certain rules in our company, like no drinking, no smoking and no denims while on duty and we stress this very emphatically. All our disc jockeys are expected to adhere to these rules and are expected to dress well and look smart every evening," said Caroline. "It is a great responsibility to keep so many guests happy and entertained every day and so the disc jockeys must have a pleasant disposition."

To understand the problems of these girls better and to relate to them on a friendly level, Caroline likes to act as a disc jockey once or twice a month even now. "It also keeps me in touch with the likes and dislikes of customers in various areas and makes it easier for me to supply them with the music of their choice," she said.

Caroline said that she simply loved her job as "there is never a dull moment. We are working with people and there is always something exciting happening."

Jyotsana Kapoor

HEART TO HEART

Confide your personal problems to Dr. Mahinder Watsa, c/o Eve's Weekly. Dr. Watsa is a leading sex and marriage counsellor and will answer your queries every fortnight

MEET OTHER BOYS TOO

SHE IS OLDER

I am 28 years old and deeply in love with a boy of 23 years. We have decided to marry, but the age factor is disturbing us, as his people as well as mine would not agree to this alliance. But the boy is pleading with me to keep my age a secret. Please advise.

If both of you have decided to get married, there is no reason why you should not do so. You should enter a happy relationship with honesty; therefore, you must advise your boy friend that it is best to speak the truth and face the unpleasantness with firmness.

NO CAUSE TO WORRY

A close friend of mine is in love with a young man and wants to get married soon. They belong to different religions, but despite this the parents of the man will not raise any objection. The girl has been in a dilemma — she has been unable to tell him that she is an adopted child. She now feels guilty about this and is afraid that he will not accept her if she did.

I feel that both you and your friend are unnecessarily worried. If this man cannot face the fact that his girl happens to be an adopted child, he can be considered immature.

Your description of the man concerned indicates that he will accept your friend's frank admission for not telling him the fact earlier, and I am sure this will in no way affect their relationship.

THINK SERIOUSLY

I am a girl of 18 and in love with a boy of 20 years. He wants to have sex with me, but I am inexperienced and do not know what to do.

Love may be blind, but it is better for you to go into a sexual relationship after giving it serious thought. Is this the boy you intend to marry? Is he serious about you or is he leading you on? What will be the consequence to your future happiness and marriage? What contraceptive method will you use to prevent an unwanted pregnancy?

For the present you should try and persuade your boy friend not to insist on sex at this stage. You should also mix with other boys. This will give you an opportunity to meet other eligible males.

END THIS AFFAIR

I have been married for the last 17 years and have three children. I was married against my wishes and I am still unhappy over the behaviour of my husband. He is very rude to me as well as to my children. Also he has only a modest income.

I have now fallen in love with a married man with two daughters. He is 10 years older than me. He has never taken advantage of my loneliness but keeps on consoling me. He is treated badly by his wife. Please advise.

I sympathise with you because you have not had the opportunity to experience a happy, loving relationship, but I strongly advise you to break-up this illicit relationship immediately. This may sound harsh, but you will not be able to keep this affair a secret, and it will bring unhappiness to both the families including the children. You should sublimate your sexual desires and take up some hobby like painting, culinary art, etc.

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YOUNG VIEWPOINT

A forum for young people to express their opinions, share news about their activities and get to know more about each other

talk about being 'MOD'!

IS THE BLUE-JEANS AND T-SHIRT GENERATION TRULY MODERN? DO REALLY MODERN MINDS ACCOMPANY THESE OUTER TRAPPINGS? OR IS THE MODERNITY OF OUR YOUNG PEOPLE STRICTLY CLOTHES-DEEP?

Kiran Bhatia

Do jeans and halters make us modern? Unfortunately the young men and women of the affluent classes seem to think so and ape the West to feel they are in the vanguard of modern thought.

An underdeveloped country like ours is led into modernity by the elite youth — those who sudy in universities, who know what's happening in the rest of the world, those who can rebel against outmoded norms, who have inherited the quality of leadership. Unfortunately, however, they seem to be more concerned with the outward trappings of modernity than its inward content. They yearn to pass off as the glossy jet set and their rebellion is against discipline rather than injustice and old superstitions.

The "jet setting" ambitions of our urban elite youth, the "filmi duniya" aspirations of a large number of our urban and rural youth, these are the trappings of contemporary Indian modernity among the young of this country.

If one were to ask a member of the older generation about today's youth the answer would be that it is devoid of all morals and discipline and respect for values. This would naturally be followed by examples of their friends' children and their own disobedient, disrespectful offspring. However, we cannot condemn today's youth in such sweeping terms. Much of what they do may be wrong, but much also has valid reason behind it. So, before condemning them categorically, their motives need analysis.

To a lot of the young today in India, who blindly follow the West, modernity means only dressing modishly, and permissiveness. What they do not realize is that the young have a lot of potential and scope for pushing society forward if only they take to the middle road between rigid traditions and mindless rejection of all accepted values.

Arjun Arora, however, feels modernity does not mean aping the West. "It's not the speed of change that matters but the content of change. The essence of modernity lies in its underlying humanism. Being a slave to fashion, trying to be in step with the latest trends in the West is only to achieve the gloss of modernity. We have to scratch below the surface to discover our own enduring values suited to the ethos of our society and adapt both the old and the new to meet our personal and societal needs," he says.

What about youth abroad? Ayushi Sagar, a drama student of the Yatrik Theatre Group comments, "Youth abroad are ardent fans of this so called modernism, their style is what we call 'casual.' The norms of society irk them and they rebel against all norms, whether good or bad, so that instead of finding happiness they end up as neurotics. The youth of India are happily still bound by Indian traditions and this has prevented them from going astray. People abroad are surprised to see how elders are still respected and what a beautiful relationship people have with each other in India."

We undoubtedly need to become modern, to free ourselves from the shackles of evil customs, unjust practices, callous exploitation. But this cannot be done by burning buses, shattering the window panes of colleges, breaking furniture, insulting elders and teachers. What our young must do is to settle down to solid constructive work to persuade society that modernism need not necessarily mean immorality and contempt for valid values.

Prema is a jamadarni, a sweeper. She's uneducated and thinks that her husband is her "devata," everything that she has. To her, it is modern to go to college if you are a girl, to wear jeans and to go out and talk freely with boys, but she is shocked if you argue and quarrel with your parents.

Vinita, a college student, on the other hand, has adopted all the outward trappings of a modern girl. "She wears trousers, heels and comes to college. But hear her speak, and she's a regular Benji," scoff her classmates. "She gets scandalized if we go out with our boy-friends and when she hears of love marriages she is ready to faint."

Sonia Mehta, who has entered college, feels rather differently from the rest. "I wish I had been educated in an American school. Imagine, here for six long years we only do just grammar, composition, comprehension and precis writing. There, each semester you deal with something different — poetry, writing short stories, ballads, creative writing, essay, blank verse, oh, everything. Each subject involves so much doing. Besides that, there is so much more to learn and absorb, you become such an all rounded personality, aware and alert and active. No wonder their country progresses, their education system is so sound. Here we just mug up at the end of the year. Why, we do exactly what the ancient Hindus did — learn by hearing what the guru teaches without understanding it.

"You call this modern? Modernity is change, it is knowledge, awareness, the ability to think for yourself — it's what you learn while growing up. It's just an adolescent phase when you think you're 'hep' and 'mod.' Modernity is a necessity of the mind, it's making use of all you have, to adjust to circumstances. Instead, we still go by the rule of the book, ancient rules which suited ancient times, times when half the things that are here today were not there then. How on earth can those rules fit our lives today?"

That's how it goes. And in this welter of clashing opinions, modernity is itself a casualty. Those who want to be modern go about it the wrong way, those who want to live in the past go on in their antediluvian way, and the few who do have the correct perspective are swamped by the former two.

GEETA TALWAR

THE ART OF PAINTING

The All India Dietic Association recently organised a poster competition in connection with the "Year of the Child." Among hundreds of entries that came in, Geeta Talwar's collage, "Balanced Diet, Happy Child" was adjudged the best and she was awarded the first prize. Geeta is an M.Sc. student of Lady Irwin College, Delhi. Her favourite subject is Community and Resource Management. In her free time Geeta has learnt fabric painting and plans to hold an exhibition of her work after she graduates.

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RAMESHWARI:

EYE INJURY PROVES A SET BACK

Jyothi Venkatesh

Talented and confident, she does not worry too much over the set back her promising career received when "Sunayana" gave her an eye injury

With her maiden starrer, "Dulhan Wohi Jo Piya Man Bhaye", Rameshwari arrived on the Hindi film scene like a whiff of fresh air at a time when there was a void created by the exit of Jaya Bhaduri.

Rameshwari is quite different from the other starlets one bumps into in the industry. She does have an individuality of her own and doesn't cart chaperons along with her wherever she is shooting: And though one wouldn't call it exactly a bohemian lifestyle, the fact remains that Rameshwari is sharing her flat with her boyfriend Deepak Sheth, who is waiting for a proper break. He was her classmate at the Pune Film Institute.

The day I met her for this interview at her flat in Bandra, there were, as usual, half a dozen friends of hers. Most of them were from the stage. There was a festive atmosphere, because her friends Shashibala Saxena and Saha had come to her flat for the first time after their marriage, and Rameshwari insisted on cooking the lunch herself that afternoon.

"Is it true that you accept only heroine-oriented films?" I asked her. "As far as possible, I see to it that the kind of films that I accept afford scope for me for characterisation. Producers who come to sign me up for their films offer only heroine-oriented subjects, maybe because they are impressed with my performance in 'Dulhan. . .'"

According to Rameshwari, her career has had a grave set-back of late only because of the eye injury to which she was subjected while she was shooting for "Sunayana". As a result she had lost her plum role in "Amardeep", which was then bagged by Shabana Azmi. "Had I retained my role in 'Amar Deep', today things would have been different for me; but I am not disheartened. I am prepared to bide my time and wait for my turn. I know I am talented and talent does pay in the long run."

In fact, that is one of the reason she turns down roles where she feels she will have nothing to do other than parading as a glamour puss. "I do have a film called 'Waqt Waqt Ki Baat' opposite Rakesh Roshan, in which I am necessarily taking a backseat. The producer is a friend of mine and naturally I couldn't refuse his film."

What Rameshwari detests is type-casting. "I agreed to do an anti-heroine role like in 'Ikraar' only because I wanted to prove that an artiste need not be saddled with a set image. Unfortunately for me, no producer has approached me with yet another negative role after 'Ikraar' because one of the reasons 'Ikraar' flopped was that people didn't accept me in a negative role. I am fed up of type-casting. Every other producer wants to cash in on my goodie-goodie image. I hate being saddled with an image because this will hamper my progress as a versatile artiste."

She feels the reason bigger heroes do not agree to work with her is that they feel she is interested in doing only heroine-oriented films. "It is a male dominated industry, where the leading men decide who the heroine will be. I do not have a god-father. Tarachandji gave me a break but I got the subsequent offers on my own."

She feels she just cannot be a part and parcel of the rat race which is synonymous with filmdom today. As a result, "Aakhri Jaam", in which she was co-starred with Rishi Kapoor was shelved after the launching of the film.

"Producer Mohan Kumar had promised me that I would be cast in his venture 'Aadat Se Majboor' with Vinod Khanna and Parveen Babi. However, recently when the film went on the floors, it had Jeetendra along with Ranjeeta and Poonam Dhillon in its cast. Vinod has left films and hence he didn't agree to do the role. I was even asked to choose one of the two roles which Poonam and Ranjeeta are now doing in the film."

Rameshwari is waiting for a role which would inspire her to give of her best. The Rajshri people who had launched her career as an actress have promised to launch yet another film with Lekh Tandon as director, dealing with the relationship of a father and a daughter. She is looking forward to doing the role because "it will be something quite different from the kind of roles that I am called upon to do these days."

She has confidence that her career is secure.

Photograph : Kanti al Khatri

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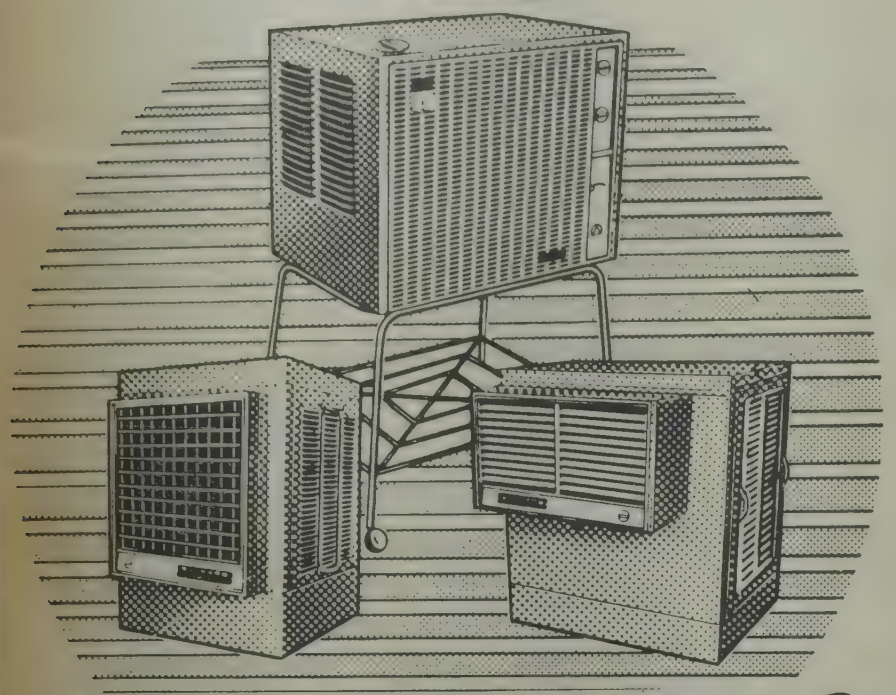

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BEAUTY BULLETIN

TRY THESE SUGGESTIONS

I am a salesgirl in a department store. My feet get tired very often. What should I do?

C. K. (Delhi)

Given here are some exercises to relieve tired feet:

1. Stand keeping feet parallel. Rise up on your toes. Then slowly go back to the original position.

2. Sit on the floor extending your legs in front of you. Spread toes out like a fan as apart as they can go. Then bring them back to original position and curl them under — better still try picking up a pencil with them.

3. Sit on the floor extending legs in front of you. Raise feet off the floor and bend your toes up and back as far as possible towards the knee. Slowly return feet to floor.

Take a foot bath. Add some salt to a basinful of warm water and immerse your feet in this. Elevate your feet occasionally during the day, or sleep with a pillow under your knees.

FOR TIRED FEET

TO SLIM LEGS

I am 19. My problem is that my legs are quite heavy. I am very fond of swimming and when I am in a swimsuit, I feel very self-conscious about my legs. Please suggest me some exercises to slim them.

G.S. (Bombay)

Swimming is a good exercise to reduce legs, also hiking, ballet dancing and skipping. Walking on shifting sand on the beach helps, too.

Do these exercises regularly to slim your legs:

1. Lie on back, flex right knee, keeping right foot firmly on the floor. Bend left knee and raise left leg in the air. With big toe of the left foot make imaginary circles in the air. Repeat with the other leg.

2. Lie flat on floor, arms out straight, keep knees straight, lift leg up and swing it over right leg to touch floor. Repeat with right leg.

SHORT HAIRSTYLE

Last week I went to a hairdresser and had my hair cut very short — in fact a crew cut. This looks awful and I just don't know what to do. Please advise.

What is the cause of an ingrown toe nail?

L. L. P. (Calcutta)

Have you tried using a wiglet? It gives short hair the illusion of length. A hairpiece will also fill out your short style. And as your hair grows longer, try setting it in a fuller style. A soft perm will help too.

Ingrown toe nail can be painful. The nail grows sideways pressing into the flesh of the toes. It is also caused by wearing shoes that cramp the toes, or by cutting your nails so deep that their edges become embedded in the flesh of the toes.

To avoid this cut nails straight across. Also don't cut toe nails too short or too deeply at the corners.

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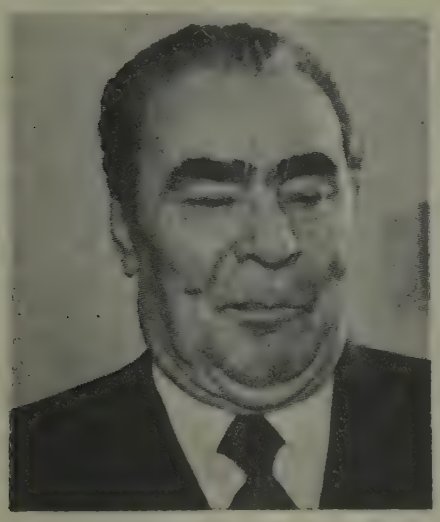
PEOPLE KNOWN AND

"I haven't brought my documents, but you can recognise me by these," joked the tall, burly Russian, pointing to his distinctive, bushy eyebrows. **Leonid Brezhnev,** President of the U.S.S.R., recently joined



millions of other Soviet citizens who voted in the recent nationwide elections. But Brezhnev, observers noted, walked with assistance, posed briefly for photographs and left immediately after casting his vote. This has been considered ominous, because it has been his usual habit to linger and banter with correspondents while out publicly.

This has lent further credence to the rumours in the West that the 73-year-old leader is ailing seriously.

* * *

Only one ad with his photograph appeared in the papers, but it was enough. **Sunil Gavaskar** has already been accused of several things — that he is star crazy and hangs around in the filmi duniya, that he has accepted film roles because of his oversized ego; that he quit his captaincy because he is selfish; and that he is money mad. As if these were not enough, a photograph appeared in the "Sunday Standard" showing him sitting at the feet of a man in banian and lungi, who had placed his hand on the cricketer's head. Then followed a long letter signed by Gavaskar praising the supernatural powers of Dadaji, entitled "Dadaji's Grace," but an embarrassed Sunil explained that although he is religious, he never wrote the letter, and that he was more or less taken for a ride. Who knows? After all, even some of our most famous scientists have professed faith in miracle men.

* * *

On Gudi Padva day, a discreet advertisement appeared in the "Times of India" in the engagement column. **"Prakash Padukone** engaged to Ujjala Karkal." The ad missed most eyes, but 20-year-old Ujjala did not stay out of the limelight for long. On the day the triumphant world badminton champion, Prakash Padukone, returned from London clutching his trophy, the first thing he did on getting down at Bombay airport was to buss his fiancee lovingly on the cheek, as she blushingly turned her face away. The reason for turning the other cheek was because the slim, attractive Ujjala had met with a car accident just a few days before the champ's arrival in Bombay, and had injured her face. Twenty-year-old commerce graduate Ujjala, while madly in love, still wants to give marriage a miss for a year or so and work instead as a ground receptionist with an airline in Bombay. Describing the self-effacing Prakash, she says, "Prakash rarely discusses badminton at home. He's very understanding. . . not once have I seen him lose his temper. People think he is an introvert. . . but he has a subtle sense of humour." She ought to know. And what makes them even more made for each other are their names — Prakash (light) and Ujjala (brightness).

* * *

The world's most eligible bachelor, 33-year-old **Prince Charles** of England who has been previously connected with a Catholic Princess and one eminently suitable society lady, by a romance hungry British press, has generated some more romantic rumours. A hunt-loving English debutante, 25-year-old Anna Wallace, the latest in the matrimonial race, has been described by the British press as being "discreet and rather disdainful and eminently suitable" to be the next Queen of England. Meanwhile, much to the consternation of the British public, "Private Eye", a well-known investigative tabloid, has published a story hinting that the true love of Prince Charles is a mature Hindu lady who has already converted him to vegetarianism. What lends further credence to the rumour is another rumour that Queen Elizabeth's niece, Helen, is engaged to the son

of a middle class doctor from Kanpur and the Queen has approved of the marriage. The future bridegroom, it is said, will be known as the Earl of Fitzpatrick. While the Queen may be looking forward to a Hindu daughter-in-law, court lawyers are reportedly busy worrying about a more ticklish problem: Would the laws of the country permit a Hindu queen of England, or would the Prince have to abdicate like his grand-uncle, Edward VIII? The young man in question, in keeping with British royal tradition, refuses to comment or be drawn into the controversy.

UNKNOWN

Tired of police inability to control the dacoits who regularly looted and pillaged their village in the Azamnagar area, the inhabitants caught six dacoits and gouged out their eyes. In a statement to the police, the villagers stated that law courts took too long a time in deciding cases and dispensing justice, and therefore they inflicted the punishment on their own initiative so that the dacoits would not be able to plunder their homes in future. All six dacoits have been admitted to a local hospital for treatment.

Lakshmi Narayan

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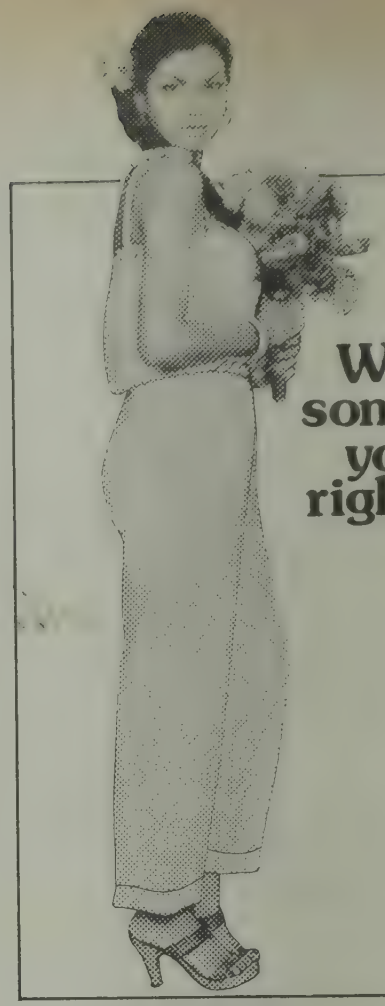

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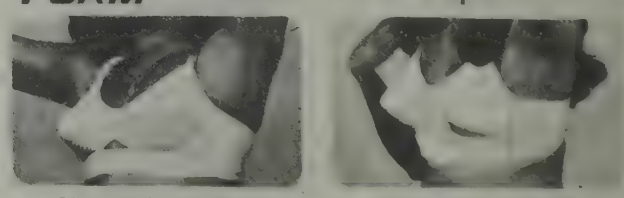

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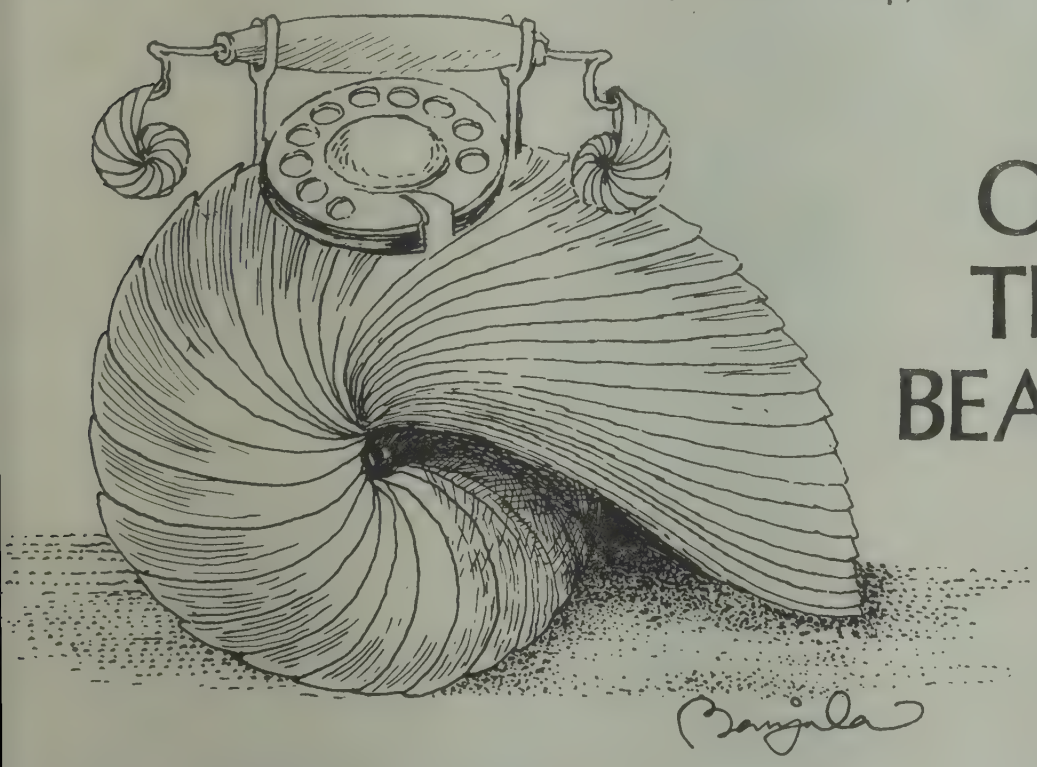
IN MY OWN WRITE

Humour, the way it is.

ON THE BEACH



Walking around the beach the other day, I happened to see an unusual shell lying on the sand. It was large, nicely rounded and had a lovely black sheen. I was about to reach for it and hold it to my ear, expecting to hear the ocean sloshing about peacefully inside, when, much to my surprise, it made a familiar ringing sound.

I hesitated a tiny space before picking it up — after all it may have been a reversed-charges call from Mars or something and God knows I can't pay my telephone bills from Churchgate to Colaba, never mind to other planets. But then my curiosity overcame me and I picked it up and said "Hello?"

"Hello," said a pleasant male voice at the other end. "Who's speaking please?"

"Uhhhh," I said stalling for time, because I hate to give strangers my name. Or else they might call back at 3 a.m. the next day and make naughty remarks. "What number do you want please?"

He gave me a number and I said, "Well, I'm sorry, that isn't the number here." Then I added, because he sounded cute, "In fact, there isn't any number. It must be unlisted." I wondered whether there was an entry in the telephone directory saying "Shells, see Sea" or something.

"Hello?" said the voice at the other end. "Could you give me your number please?" He sounded a little suspicious. I dithered a bit here and almost gave him my friend's number. This was to pay her back for the time she hitched a ride in a creep's car and when he asked her the standard questions, she gave him my name and telephone number and then forgot, conveniently, to warn me about it. Thus one day I got a call from a very puzzled creep, who insisted he'd given me a lift and that I'd sworn to go see "Satyam Shivam Sundaram" with him, and I was very polite and genuinely apologetic and denied all charges, wondering whether I was suffering from partial amnesia.

But as I said, this guy on the shell sounded nice, so I told him the truth. "Well actually, I'm not speaking over a phone at all," I explained. "There was this sea shell lying about and it was ringing so I picked it up and there you were."

It took me some time to convince him I wasn't fooling. After all, one comes across a lot of lunatics making free with the telephones of Bombay. A friend of mine used to get a regular call around 9.30 every night and for an hour — if anyone cared to listen — someone at the other end would make clicking, rattling and tapping noises, with a few fake barks thrown in for variety. It went on like that for a month and then stopped mysteriously.

Another time, my sister began receiving obscene calls from a guy with a very smooth, creamy voice, who would ask for her by her name and then request the pleasure of her company in bed — in more direct language of course. It got to the stage where my sister would have hysterics each time the phone rang. Once I picked it up and said she wasn't home. The man, being completely fickle-hearted, immediately made the same suggestion to me. When I demurred, he said appealingly, "Please? Just once?"

So anyway, back at the seashore, we decided it would be best if he disconnected the line at his end, as this must be the wrong number. But of course it would not disconnect. "Try dialling zero," I said. "If that doesn't work, try 2. And if that doesn't work, try getting down on your knees and saying 'Dear telephone, pretty telephone, won't you sound the dial-tone?' " Nothing worked.

"Why don't you put down your shell and see what happens?" he suggested, and I tried this. When I picked it up again, he was still there.

"Well," he said, sounding resigned, "now that we have this line we might as well make the best of it. It is so rare to get any numbers at all."

"I know," I agreed heartily, "I tried once for half an hour to get a number and it was continuously engaged. When I finally got through, someone picked the phone up and the line disconnected. Another day I called for the time and got someone else also calling for the time, but neither of us ever discovered what it was. Another day, something happened to the phone, so that, as soon as you picked it up it automatically switched to the STD lines.

We were quite friendly by then and since there was nothing better to do we swapped gossip about our lives. We discovered we had a great many interests in common, lived closed to each other, did similar work (i.e. not very much) grew up in the same cities, admired Al Pacino, etcetera. Then, just as things were getting interesting and he was about to give me his name and telephone number, there was a deafening crackle, a loud buzz, several clicks and the line went dead.

Sitting by the seashore, holding the shell to my ear, I heard the ocean sloshing about peacefully inside.

A. Kaulumnisst

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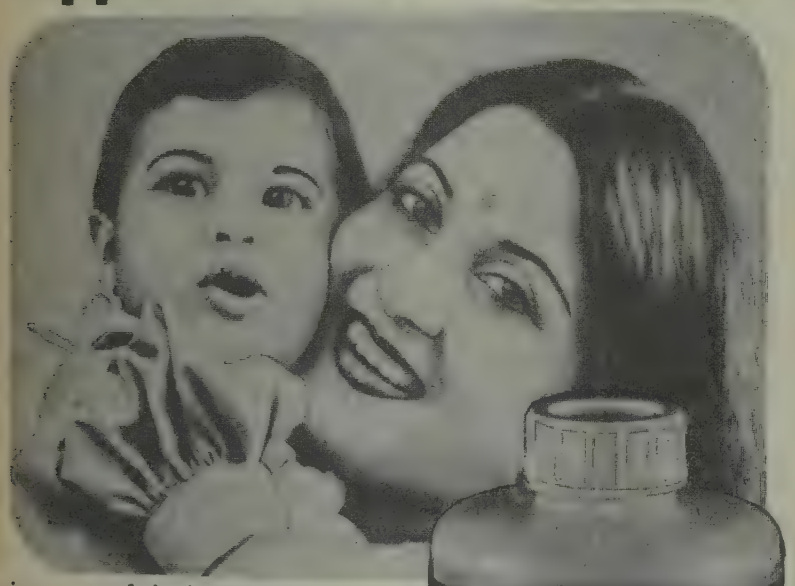

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FRANKLY SPEAKING

Devi

HONEYMOON: RAJESH STYLE

When Dilip Kumar became the Sheriff of Bombay, I borrowed money, bought a few new sarees for the round of parties that filmdom would host in his honour.

Four months now, and no one hosted a party. Now Nargis Dutt is a Rajya Sabha member, and at least to begin with O. P. Ralhan hosted a dinner in her honour, which is something like producer Tito hosting a dinner for Amitabh. I never expected an invitation from Nargis, but O.P. invited me.

I was out on a honeymoon in Goa, not my own. I am so used to attending honeymoons, that I will never love a honeymoon even if I go in for marriage. I used up my sarees reserved for Dilip's reception for the receptions and honeymoon of Gulam Nabi Azad, Member of Parliament from Kashmir, leader of Maharashtra Youth Congress (I), and reported to be Sanjay Gandhi's right (or is is left?) hand.

The reception given to Gulamsaab had all the politicians, ex- present and would be Chief Ministers. Nargis was expected, but she preferred to be with Sai Baba in Shirdi. Gulamsaab looks a cross between a phoren film hero and Aga Khan (I have only seen his photos in Bata shoe shops). His wife teaches music at a Kashmir college, and she has given playback to almost all the Kashmiri films. Parvez, the hero of "Ahsaas", is their distant relative. "He is controversial," said someone. "I like what I read about him, I have never met him, he appears a diwana from the valley of the gods."

Gulamsaab has met Sanjay Khan but not Zeenat. Zeenat incidentally, is posted in the Taj Hotel. The official reason is "House under repairs." But it could not be a coincidence that when Zeenat's house is under repair, many a home is on the verge of collapse. The speculation is that a top industrialist home is giving away.

Again, Imran Khan in town too sounds too much of an Ittefaq. According to I. S. Johar's Akash Baba, Zeenat will be marrying Imran, and Johar insists that Baba told him that Imran sends Zeenat 20-page letters. I don't quite agree with Akash.

Back to filmdom, Sanjay is roaming in Delhi with "Abdullah" reels.

P. S. Gulamsaab thought he was original in the way he was doing his honeymoon, but I told him the trend setter was Rajesh, who took some of us to Kashmir for his honeymoon and the bride was absent. Dimple was shooting in Pune for "Bobby".

Eve's Weekly

Quiz: NEW SERIES No. 11

"HEGMAN"

1. Name the noted poet and writer who has written a book on Bombay for Time-Life Books.
2. Name the famous satyagraha and march launched by Gandhiji, the golden jubilee of which is being celebrated this year.
3. In 1564, when Galileo was born, Shakespeare was also born. Which famous scientist was born the year Galileo died?
4. Which composer (1732-1809) is known as "The Father of the Symphony"?
5. Name the first woman to be admitted to the Academie Francaise since it was set up 345 years ago.
6. Mr. Lyndon B. Johnson was President Kennedy's Vice-President; who was Vice-President when Mr. Johnson was President?
7. Name the actress who was awarded the Best Actress award for her role in Rajinder Singh Bedi's "Dastak".
8. On March 18, 1980 one of the greatest psychoanalysts of our time died. Name him.
9. Two international rock groups played in Bombay recently. One was the British group "Magna Carta". Name the other.
10. Name the noted French painter who emigrated to Tahiti and was the inspiration for Somerset Maugham's "The Moon and Sixpence."
11. Name the first Indian to reach the finals of the All England Badminton Championship.
12. Which famous national hero's 300th death anniversary was commemorated on March 31, 1980?

This is the 11th Quiz contest with a prize of Rs. 200 for the reader who sends an all-correct solution. If more than one do so, the prize money will be divided among them. The dead line for the answers is May 15, 1980. Every entry must be accompanied by a cutting of this column.

BOMBAY

Mr. T. N. Kaul, former Ambassador to the U.S.A., recently inaugurated the 29th Biennial Conference of the Maharashtra State Women's Council, at the University Convocation Hall.

The theme was "Indian Society — Is It Progressing?"

Speaking on the occasion Mr. Kaul denounced the atrocities committed on women and asked the womenfolk to fight against them. He said that educated women of urban areas should go to the villages to educate rural women to create an awareness among them, and, that the enlightened women should launch a nation wide stir to assert their rights.

* * *

On the occasion of its first anniversary, the Maharashtra State Council of Youth Hostels Association of India awarded the rotating trophy for the year 1979 to the Aurangabad Unit. Mr. Dilip Kumar, Sheriff of Bombay, who was the chief guest, gave away the awards. He said that the Association was doing a wonderful job in developing a feeling of comradeship and co-operation and fostering team spirit.

Mrs. Perviz Dotivala, President of the Association, welcomed the gathering. Dr. J. K. Somani, Vice-President, introduced the chief guest.

A member of this Association is entitled to make use of the 5000 Youth Hostels all over the World and in India. It also organises various programmes — trekking, hiking, lectures, tournaments, rifle training etc.

Awards are given to the best unit to encourage a healthy competition among the units.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

The Film Finance Corporation held a function at the Taj Inter-Continental, at which awards were presented to the prize winners of the screen-play competition organised by the Film Finance Corporation.

Welcoming the gathering, Dr. Jagdish Parikh, ex-Chairman, F.F.C., emphasised the need of a multi-pronged programme and intensified efforts towards the promotion of good cinema. Mr. B. R. Chopra gave away the awards. Dr. Rahi Masoom Raza, Mr. Nabendu Ghosh, and Mr. B. R. Chopra spoke on the occasion.

Pradeep Krishen was awarded the first prize, Meena Bhasker Chandarvarkar received the second prize, and Vijay Tendulkar and Kundan Shah won the third prizes. Indu K. Mallah, Jill Misquita, Vivek Adarker and Vijay Sharma received certificates of merit.

* * *

Popular model Nandini Sen together with Prema Advani and Mala Rajani, dress designers, will hold their exhibition of garments "The Clotheshorse Collection" at the Aakar Art Gallery on April 30 and May 1. On display will be ultramodern Western outfits and also conventional Indian garments to cater to all moods, in a wide variety of materials.

There will be two more exhibitions this year — in October and December.

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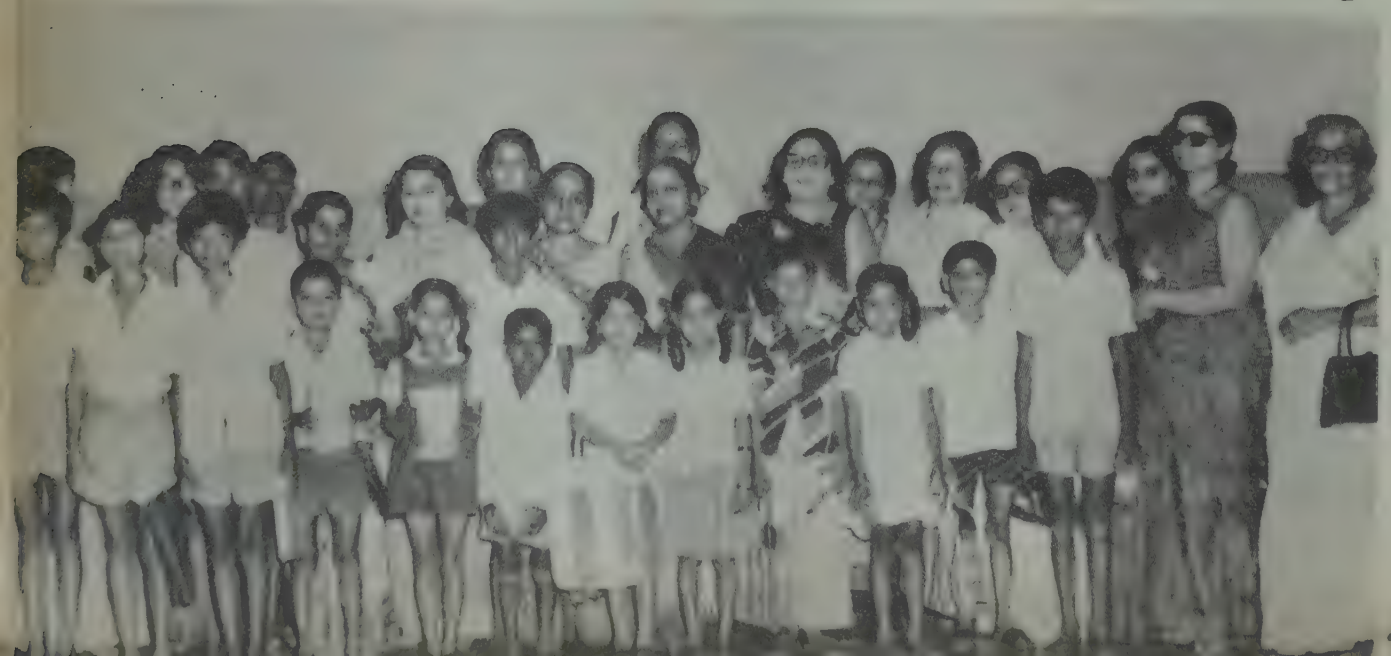


4

1. Mr. M. H. Hussain, Acting Consul for Iraq, celebrated the 33rd anniversary of the Foundation of the Arab Baath Socialist Party, at a function held at the Taj Mahal Hotel, Bombay. Seen on the occasion are (from left) Mr. Hussain, Mrs. A. Al-Shubaili, wife of the Consul of Saudi Arabia, Mrs. K. Khadhim, wife of the Vice-Consul of Iraq, and Mr. A. Al-Shubaili, Consul of Saudi Arabia.

2. At the Bharata Natyam dance recital by Vij Prakash, held at the Shanmukhananda Hall, Bombay, are (from left) Padmini Ganpati, Mrs. Indubala Ganpati, the artiste, Mr. Govind Raja Pillai and Mr. K. K Sundar Rajan.

3. Eminent speakers at the seminar on "Calcutta: A Story in Brick and Stone" organised by the University Women's Association of Calcutta in collaboration with the Indian Museum, Calcutta.

4. Children of the Colaba Municipal School who participated in the painting competition organised by the Altrusa Club of Bombay.

CALCUTTA

Bata India held a fascinating audio-visual fashion show of their footwear at the Grand Hotel. Mr. V. K. Lamba, General Sales Manager, welcomed the guests. Mr. D. M. Merchant, Managing Director, spoke on the modern footwear made by Bata.

The show took the audience through centuries of footwear fashion to the modern variety in footwear.

* * *

The Park Circus Music Conference of Calcutta celebrated its Silver Jubilee at Kala Mandir. The maestro Ustad Ali Akbar Khan presented among other ragas, his own composition "Chandranandan". Nikhil Banerji's sitar recital, Sanjukta Panigrahi's Odissi dance, Sunanda Patnaik's vocal music were other highlights of the celebrations.

* * *

A dance recital by the students of Shri Venkateswar Natyalayam was held at Aban Mahal on the occasion of the second anniversary of the Natyalayam. The programme started with the Natesakauthuwam. The Varnam was well performed by Sunetra Sen. The Jugal Bandhi, a combination of two different styles of dances, Kathak and Bharata Natyam, by Sumitra Mitra and K. Rajalakshmi was a special attraction.

* * *

Mrs. Maitrayee Devi, well known writer and a close associate of Tagore, was awarded the title "Rabindratatwacharya" at the convocation of the Tagore Research Institute.

Mr. Pramatha Bishi presided over the function. Sucheta Chatterjee and Bharati Sen Chowdhury, research scholars of the Institute, were awarded the Nandia Kripalani Scholarship for their work.

* * *

Sachin Shankar's new ballet "Atithi" was performed at the Academy of Fine Arts. Vishnudas Shirali's music and the lighting effects by Shovendu Roy, the new item by Salil Chowdhury and the high standard of the ballet were much appreciated.

* * *

MADRAS

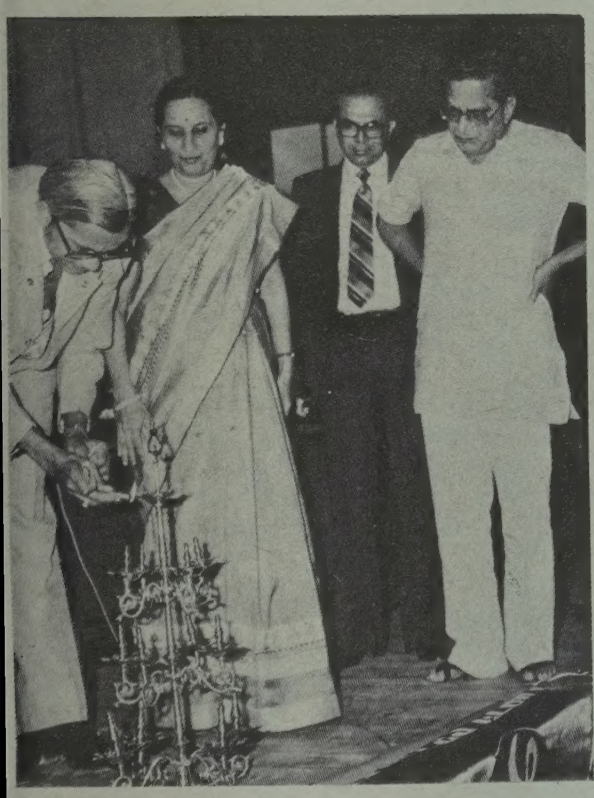
The Booksellers' and Publishers' Association of South India, organisers of the Third Madras Book Fair, hosted a dinner at Hotel Woodlands.

Dr. Chandran S. Devanesan, former Vice-Chancellor of the North Eastern Hill University, and Dr. K. Venkatasubramaniam, Director of School Education, were the chief guests on the occasion. Mr. K. V. Mathew was the Convenor of the Book Fair. A special feature of the Fair was the display of children's books.

Addressing the gathering Dr. Devanesan said that the people of the villages too should be exposed to these types of book fairs, and, book review clubs should be formed.

* * *

At a meeting of the Rotary Club of Madras North, held at the Rajeswari Kalyana Mandapam, Mr. N. A. Palkhiwala spoke on "The Lessons Life Has Taught Me." It was presided over by Dr. Jayanthi Rama Rao, President of the Madras North Club of the Rotary. This was in connection with the 76th anniversary of the Rotary movement.



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5. District Governor Lion Suresh Sanghvi lights a lamp to inaugurate the District 323-B Lioness Conference in Ahmedabad. Others in the picture are Lioness Co-Chairman Meenakshi Vipin Parikh, past International Director Lion Rohit Mehta and film star Shreeram Lagoo who was the chief guest on the occasion.

6. Seen at the launching of a new soft drink "Ba-Jal" by the Bajal Bottling Company, Madras, are the chief guests, popular film stars of Tamil Nadu, Vijayakumar and Manjula (extreme left and centre respectively) with Mrs. Sharada Prabhu, partner of the firm.

7. Mrs. Gita Verma (centre), wife of Air Commodore Verma, is seen with wives of Air Force Officers who participated in a fashion show presented at "Husbands' Nite" held at Air Force Station, Tambaram, Madras.

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

FOR THE WEEK April 27—May 3, 1980
John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

Financially a good year. You can establish future security for the family, and also get new business endeavours under way. But choose your companions, especially business partners, with great care. The impact of others on your life and affairs will be important, especially if your birthday falls on the 30th. Wrong associates may delay progress. There will be much happiness from the exploits of youngsters, if a parent, a new love affair if single. Make the most of social contacts — these will bring practical advantages into your life, as well as much happy companionship.

ARIES
(Mar 22 — Apr 20)

Your popularity is high professionally and personally. Busy stars, but lucky ones, help and strangers will assist your activities. Fresh scenes, movement and change are highlighted and bring promising meetings, if single.

TAURUS
(Apr 21 — May 21)

Mercury moving into Taurus will speed up the tempo of life for you. Delayed news will arrive, your enthusiasm will be fired by fresh schemes and interests. Rather happy signs for friendships over quite a long period; a romance could begin suddenly.

GEMINI
(May 22 — June 21)

Life will sparkle for many weeks ahead. Planetary transits aid your strictly personal concerns so that you should be in a period of minor achievements. Good opportunities will appear to affect more than one of your ambitions.

CANCER
(June 22 — July 23)

Group activities, family get-togethers, will prove most enjoyable. Relatives will rally round to support you. Push hard at any specific ambitions you have, and it is an excellent time for confidential matters, for pulling useful strings.

LEO
(July 24 — Aug 23)

Your personality attracts others to you; added energy and enthusiasm will make for a happy-go-lucky week. People will be easy to get along with and you may benefit from a good turn you did some months ago. Financially a good week.

VIRGO
(Aug 24 — Sept 23)

Travel is well starred and fresh scenes and activities are favoured. New friendships will help your practical aims. The next few months have many happy possibilities, and the setting is right for a romance to begin, if single.

LIBRA
(Sept 24 — Oct 23)

After mid-week minor problems in relationships resolve themselves, but don't be impatient if plans are delayed a little. Get abreast with routine work, gather information. A light-hearted flirtation will add interest to leisure time.

SCORPIO
(Oct 24 — Nov 22)

A somewhat confusing scene, generally, with some conflict in your love life, perhaps a pull between two loyalties. Double-check arrangements, both in working and in social life and to cut out unnecessary journeys.

SAGITTARIUS
(Nov 23 — Dec 22)

If you haven't had some unexpected expenses recently, these are on the way! Nothing too serious, but be cautious in the financial sphere — you could be taken for a ride in a minor way, get bad buys or misjudge market trends.

CAPRICORN
(Dec 23 — Jan 20)

Several planets are favourable and business and personal life proceed along happy lines. Either complete important shopping by mid-May or defer it until later in the year. Shortly, a busy, somewhat problematical, period will begin, lasting many weeks.

AQUARIUS
(Jan 21 — Feb 19)

An over-busy scene, minor stresses and strains may have produced a lowering of vitality. This is over, so get yourself into shape, physically and mentally, buy some new clothes. Get active socially, if you've neglected this sphere lately.

PISCES
(Feb 20 — Mar 21)

A most sociable week with outings and gatherings of friends and family. You enjoy the benefits of having moved house recently, but it seems you will be putting in extra effort, both at home and at business, between now and early July. Get organised.

THE OBSTACLE RACE

Continued from page 35

lous though this may sound, it was related to me that one of the country's top woman athletes was victimised because she didn't have the good looks to match her performance on the track!

As far as I know, there is as yet no full-time woman sports reporter on the staff of any sports magazine or daily newspaper. And even those women freelancers who have chosen to invade sports journalism in recent times have confined themselves to the popular film-journalism brand of writing about the sex-appeal of this or that superstar (male of course). The Tavleen Singhs, the Kavita Chibbers and the Rita Bhimanis would do better to look at sports in general and women sports in particular through their feminine eyes and lend new perspectives and better understanding of their problems.

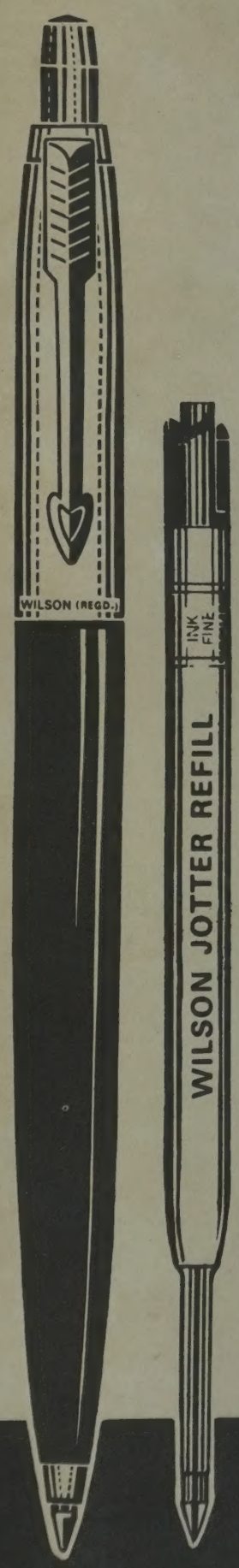
It is around five years since Mulini Reddy hung up her volleyball shoes. A trail-blazer of sorts, more than the Arjuna Award she received in 1974, Mulini's biggest distinction is that she is a veteran of 15 National championships. Which, considering the short life span (in sports) of sportswomen in this country, is really something.

Mulini once told me: "I was lucky to have understanding parents. Though they did not really go out of the way to encourage me to play volleyball, at least they did not stand in my way (as was the case with many of my teammates)."

It is indeed a great tragedy that our society pins a big question mark over the "femininity" of women taking part in sports. The tomboy tag is probably the most common insinuation. The variant to this is sometimes the lesbian innuendo. Why, when Mohammud ("The greatest") Ali was recently asked what he thought of women taking to boxing he said. "It is only women who like women who take to this manly sport."

Yes, until a few years ago cricket was supposed to be exclusively a "gentleman's game (in more senses than one.) Today Indian women are rated much higher in international women's cricket than their male counterparts are in their sphere. Women playing football? "Ha! Your pelvic structure baby is unsuited to this masculine sport. So feet off football!" India recently successfully conducted the Asian Women's Football Championship at Calicut. Volleyball and women!! "Listen maidens, you don't have the haemoglobin content in your blood in the proportions we men have. How are you going to do all that jumping and smashing?"

The list is endless. But the bastions of "manly" sport are slowly crumbling. One need not talk in terms of unisex sports competitions (the odd exception of a "cerebral" game like chess notwithstanding); women need not necessarily compete with men to prove their right to competitive sports. They can compete among themselves. The myths and superstitions associated with exclusively "masculine" sports is what has to be exposed.



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